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Edited by Sir John Hammerton

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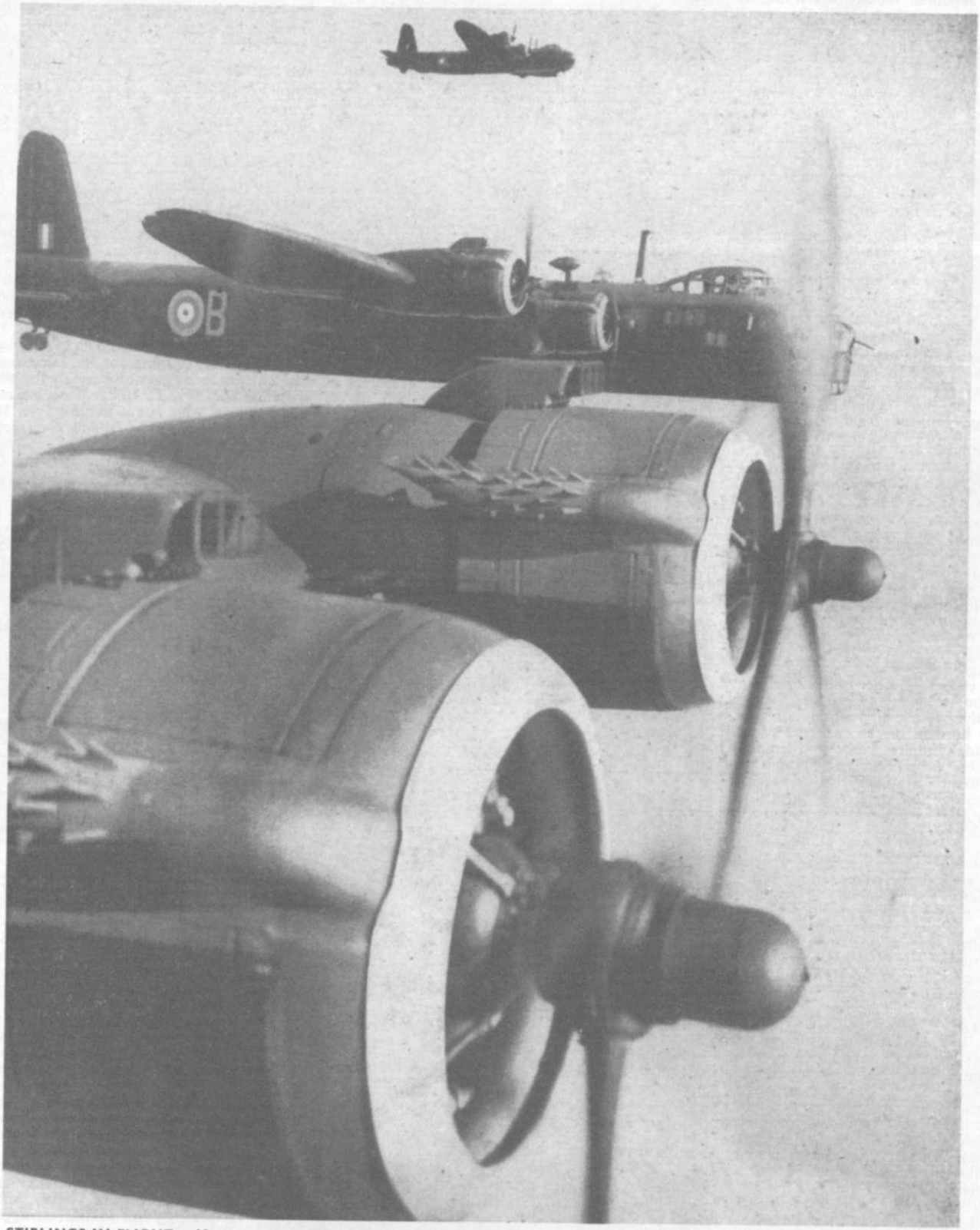


STIRLINGS IN FLIGHT. Here are some of our 30-ton heavy bombers in the air. Despite its great size the Short Stirling is said to be very easy to manœuvre, and these bombers, together with Halifax, Manchester and Lancaster bombers, are coming into service in increasing numbers, ready, in the words of Sir Archibald Sinclair, "to strike hard at the vital centres of German war industry and transport."
Photo, P.N.A.

NO. 125, NEW 6d. FORTNIGHTLY ISSUE, ON SALE THURSDAY, **APRIL 2**

INDIA & CHINA: A TURNING-POINT IN THE WAR

THEY'RE serving drinks to the conquering Japanese in the bars of Singapore. Japanese officers are trying to make themselves comfortable in the armchairs of Hong Kong's most exclusive clubs. Japanese armies have chased us out of Malaya, and threaten to repeat the performance in Burma. Any day now their warships are expected in the Bay of Bengal. Soon Colombo may be shelled; soon bombs may be falling on the crowded bazaars of Calcutta. And then what? What will be the reaction of the Indian masses to the strokes of war? Will they stand fast and fight back? Will they panic? Or will the truth of Matthew Arnold's famous lines be manifested once again:

> The East bow'd low before the blast,
> In patient, deep disdain.
> She let the legions thunder past,
> And plunged in thought again.

THAT was the reaction of the masses of Malaya. From beginning to end of the campaign which brought the Japanese in triumph to the gates of Singapore, the bulk of the native population of the Malayan states remained as passive spectators of a fight that was none of their business. A change of masters, yellow Japanese instead of white British—perhaps to most of them it did not matter very much (though it *ought* to matter). Of Burma, is there reason to believe the same may not be said?

We talk easily enough of India, as easily as we talk of Germany or America, Australia or Japan; we see its great red shape on the map, we can visualize something of its appearance and its people. To the educated Indian, to such men as Nehru and Gandhi, to the Indian intelligentsia, "India" means something. But 90 per cent of the peninsula's 400 millions live in villages—there are 700,000 of them—and to the villager India is just a name; perhaps not even that, since only 12 per cent of the people are counted as literate. To the peasant the village is his all. The horizon marks the end of his world. Empires come and empires go, but he still toils in his pocket-handkerchief of a field, just as his ancestors did ages ago when *our* ancestors were dressed in woad and modesty.

IGNORANT as most Indians are, they are also the victims of a grinding poverty. Most of the agriculturists are in debt; many, indeed, are in the grip of the moneylender from the cradle to the grave. Wages, judged by Western standards, are a mere pittance; the average income is only about £4 or £5 *a year*. In India the most gloomy theories of Malthus, Ricardo and Marx seem to be borne out by the facts, since always and everywhere the population is pressing upon the means of subsistence. The fact that since the beginning of this century the population of India has increased by 115 millions constitutes a most striking tribute to the Anglo-Indian health administration; but while British rule has enabled millions more to be born and to survive the perils of an Indian infancy, it may well be argued that the lot of the individual peasant has not been commensurately ameliorated. And the townsman is in no better position. The slums of the Indian cities are reputed to be the worst in the world; Calcutta can show fouler dens than can Warsaw or Naples, Glasgow or Shanghai.

AN Indian coal miner gets about 7d. a day; a worker in a textile factory receives a daily wage of 8d. or 9d., though some get as much as 2s. Very long hours are worked, and child labour is still widespread. To be fair to the oft-maligned British capitalist, it should be remarked that the mills and mines, where the evils of our own Industrial Revolution of a century ago are paralleled and perhaps surpassed, are to a large extent owned and worked by Indians.

What can these poor and lowly folk know of the world outside, of the world war? Little news percolates to the remote village or to the hovels in which men, women, and little children live and die in an environment of disease, squalor, and ancient dirt. What can they know, when only a tiny fraction of the population has ever sat at a school desk? Still, after a century and a half of immense effort, the mass of the people is dull and spiritless. Theoretically they are free, but, as Macaulay once declared, "Electors meet in vain where want makes them the slaves of the landlord, or where superstition makes them the slaves of the priest."

Yet in China, just across the frontier, men and things are very different. Like India, China has a people counted in hundreds of millions; but, unlike the Indians, the Chinese show themselves to be possessed of a national spirit, think of themselves as one people, have pride in their great past, confidence in the present, and hope in the future—all things unknown to most Indians. Great and strange is the contrast, and it is not easy to discover its why and wherefore. Something is due to race, and more to history; something to religion, or rather ethics, and as much to social organization. But perhaps the most important factor is political. The Chinese have embraced with ardour the gospel that was preached by Sun Yat-sen 30 years ago, whose fundamental principles are Nationalism, Democracy and Social Justice. This gospel has captured the Chinese imagination and evoked a response such as not even Gandhi has been able to evoke in India.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK has shown the world that oriental masses *can* be stirred out of their apathy. Confronted by immense difficulties, by age-old traditions, by fettering systems of class and convention—quite as hampering in their way as the Hindu caste system—the Chinese Generalissimo and the other inheritors of the Sun Yat-sen tradition have worked a revolution fit to be compared with that of the Jacobins or the Bolsheviks. The Chinese are fighting to defend their liberty, their own liberty, their own way of life. They are fighting for the decencies of human existence against an enemy for whom these decencies seem to have no meaning. China knows what she is fighting for. India does not. She cannot defend her freedom since she is not yet free (so the Congress spokesmen declare).

Obviously Chiang Kai-shek has much to teach us, and it is not surprising that his visit to India a few weeks ago was hailed as a possible turning-point in history. During his fortnight's stay he met not only the Viceroy and members of the Indian Government, but Mr. Gandhi, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Mr. Jinnah, President of the Moslem League, and many another leader of the Moslem and Hindu factions. The visit set the seal upon the comradeship in arms of two great nations, as the Viceroy happily declared in his speech of welcome to the General and Madame Chiang, who "concentrate and symbolize the glorious resistance of Free China to the onslaught of Japanese aggression."

GEN. CHIANG AND 'MADAME.' "A great man and a great lady"—so the Viceroy of India described the Chinese Generalissimo and his consort when they visited Delhi last month.
Photo, Associated Press

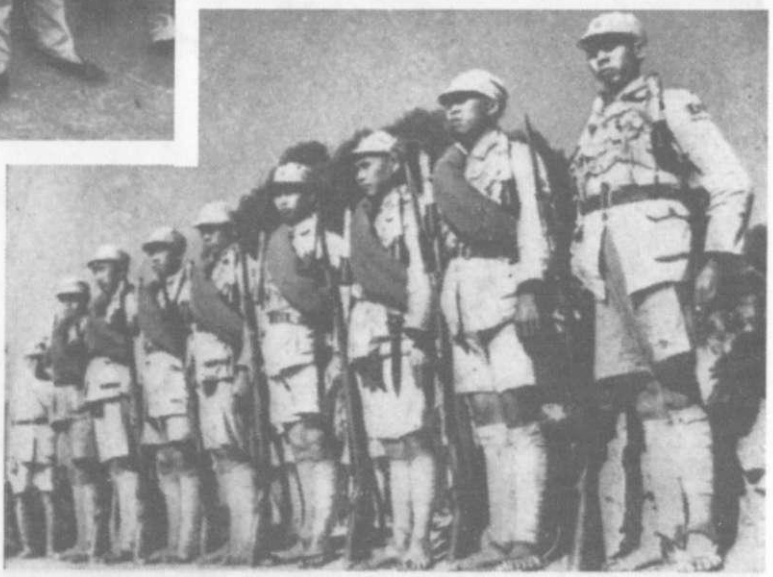
THEN on Feb. 21 was published the text of a long message from Chiang Kai-shek to the people of India, in which he appealed to them for the sake of civilization and human freedom, to give their united support to the principles of the Atlantic Charter . . . to wholeheartedly join the Allies—China, Great Britain, America, and the Soviet Union—and participate shoulder to shoulder in the struggle for survival of the free world until complete victory has been achieved. He appealed also to Britain: "I confidently believe that our ally Great Britain, without waiting for any demands on the part of the people of India, will as speedily as possible give them real political power, so that they may be in a position further to develop their spiritual and material strength and thus realize that their participation in the war is not merely an aid to the anti-aggression nations for the securing of victory, but also a turning-point in their struggle for India's freedom."

Chiang Kai-shek had spoken. The whole world heard him, and nearly the whole world approved. India waited.

E. ROYSTON PIKE

Changsha Was a Great Victory for Our Allies

Types of Japanese prisoners captured by the Chinese armies during the Changsha battles at the beginning of January 1942, when the Japs lost 21,000 men.



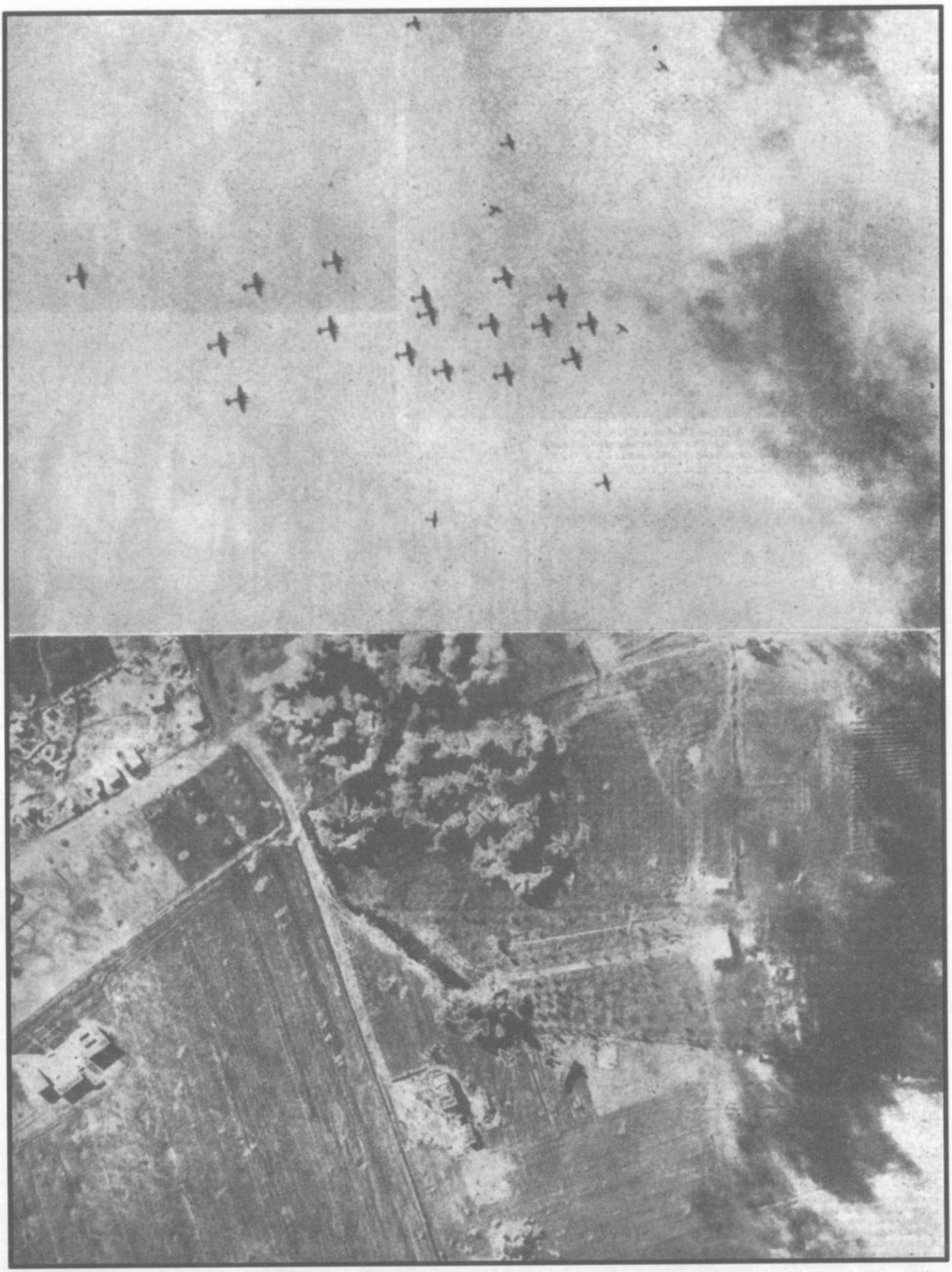
Top right, two camouflaged Chinese soldiers using trench mortars captured from the enemy. Above, Chinese soldiers who fought in the Changsha battles, with hand grenades slung over their shoulders.

Above, a pile of Japanese war material collected after the brilliant Chinese victory at Changsha.

Right, Chinese soldiers collecting rifles abandoned by Japanese infantry in their flight. By many successful actions against the invaders of their country the Chinese have shown that the Japanese army is not invincible.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

There's No Pause for the R.A.F. in Libya

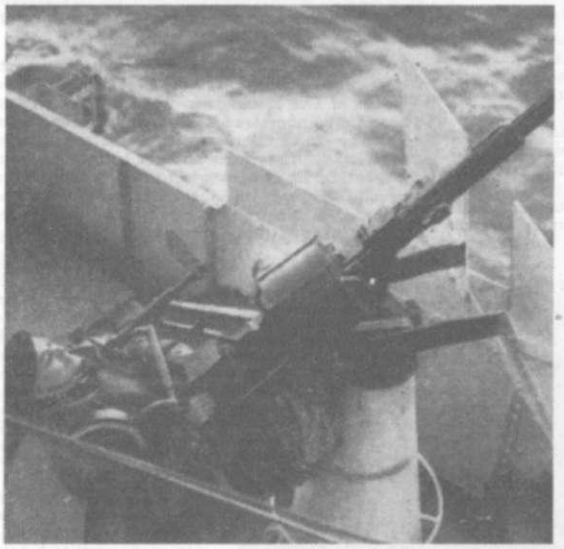


THE LIBYAN CAMPAIGN was not marked by any major land operations during the month of February, but the R.A.F. were incessantly active, raiding Axis supply lines, stores, troop concentrations and ports. The top photograph shows a formation of Blenheim bombers setting out on a raid over Cyrenaica with their escorting fighters. Below, bombs from aircraft of the South African Air Force exploding with good effect on Barce aerodrome.

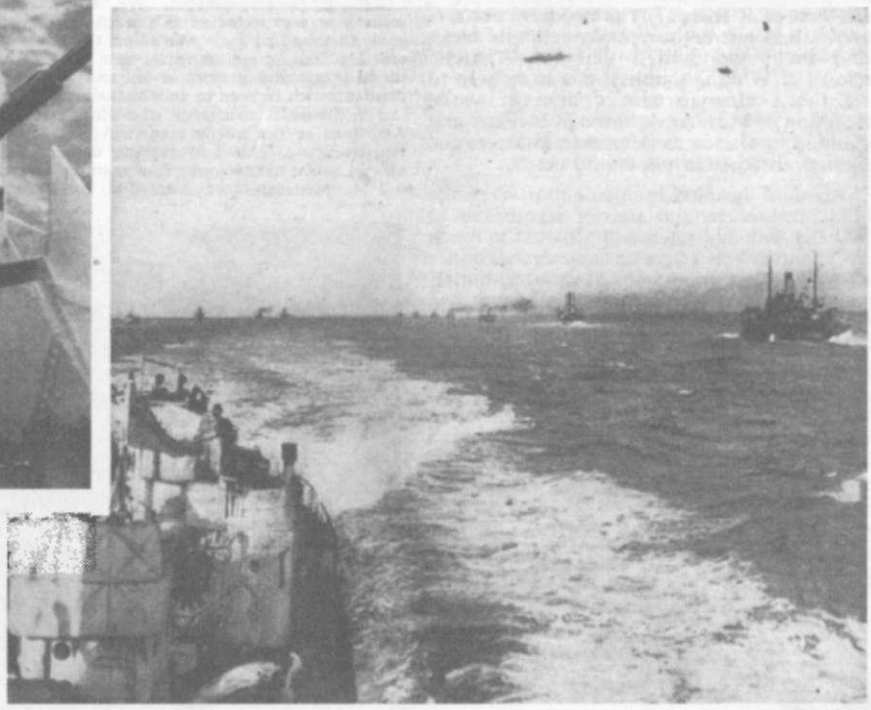
Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Planes and Destroyers Keep the Convoys Safe

A recent night attack by E-boats and Dorniers on a British convoy in the North Sea was smashed by British destroyers and Defiant aircraft. Men of the Defiant squadron are here seen in front of one of their planes.



A gunner looking along the sights of his Oerlikon A.A. gun, ready for any raiding Dornier which may try to attack the convoy.



A destroyer keeps a watchful eye on a merchant convoy while a plane of Coastal Command circles overhead (centre right). Above, as dusk falls, another convoy reaches harbour after having crossed the Atlantic in the teeth of the Axis submarines and aircraft. Nevertheless, as Mr. Churchill recently warned us, our anti-U-boat flotillas and naval light forces of all kinds have been, and are strained to the utmost limit by the need for bringing in the food by which we live and the materials for the munitions with which we fight.

Photos, P.N.A., Fox

R.A.F. Hurricanes Within the Arctic Circle

One department of this "hard and adverse" war on which Britain has a right to congratulate herself is the great assistance that she has been able to give to Russia in planes, pilots and technicians. This cooperation has played an important part in the great Russian counter-attack.

NOT until after the war can we expect to know the full facts as to Britain's aid in machines and technicians on the Russian front, but the story of the R.A.F. Wing which arrived home recently after its successful mission to far-northern Russia is typical of the excellent working arrangement that we have had with our Soviet friends during the past few months.

It begins in September last when the German "steamroller" was moving, apparently with irresistible force, across the vast territories of our Ally. The Russians carrying out their masterly retreat found themselves in need of emergency munitions.

Leaving the warm English sunshine the R.A.F. Wing, which was composed of two squadrons of the latest type of 12-gun Hurricane fighters, under command of Wing-Commander H. G. N. Ramsbottom-Isherwood, A.F.C., found their way to that mysterious No-man's-land at the extreme north-west of Russia. The previous winter's snows had not entirely melted in this bleak and twilit world well within the Arctic Circle. The Wing's objective was to help to resist the German armies driving in the direction of Murmansk, through Norway and Finland, and also to demonstrate Hurricane fighters to Russian pilots and crews.

Russian hospitality made up for the cold atmosphere and sinister scene, and at first the British airmen had almost too much to eat and drink. There was a superabundance of fresh meat, ham, smoked salmon, butter, milk, but few fresh vegetables. If there was no beer, champagne, vodka and even brandy were always available.

"We worked at first," said the Wing-Commander, "as an independent unit and made our own plans, but the Russians soon adopted our ideas. We escorted the Russian bombers ourselves, and never lost one."

The Russians learned with amazing rapidity and thoroughness. Strange aircraft, new engines, unusual gadgets offered no serious problems to the Soviet pilots and technicians. Day after day, in icy cold weather, with rolled snow above the soil of the aerodrome, our pilots did "readiness" duty as they did in this country during the Battle of Britain. The Wing accounted for at least fifteen German aircraft definitely destroyed and many others damaged.

Attacks on the Aerodrome

On one occasion the enemy tried to raid the Anglo-Russian aerodrome in force. They sent over twelve bombers in formation to try to wreck the place. The Russian warning system, however, was so efficient that our pilots had ample notice of the attack and were able to destroy three raiders and damage nearly all the others. They gave the Germans such a rough handling that they never tried to attack the aerodrome with more than one or two aircraft at a time, and then only when clouds offered plenty of protection.

Describing the first demonstration of the Hurricanes, one of our pilots said:

Russian generals, admirals, Air Ministry experts and engineers were all present. We had been told something was expected of the machines, so we gave all they had got. We dived on the group of officials, roared round hangars, flew straight at them at practically ground level, and did some acrobatics which seemed to delight them all.

The General in charge of the Russian Fleet Air Arm in the north was the first to take a Hurricane up. He had everything explained to him as he sat in the cockpit. A woman interpreter—a schoolmistress—translated our words into Russian and, like everyone else, she was most thorough. To make quite sure that the General understood everything thoroughly, she made him repeat each phrase. With the tail of the aircraft jacked up, he sat in the cockpit familiarizing himself with the controls. Next morning he took-off, and after a circuit he made a perfect landing.

Once we had taught a few of the Russian pilots to fly, they in turn became instructors to their countrymen, and in a surprisingly short time they were most efficient. Meanwhile, our ground experts were teaching their opposite numbers about engine maintenance, radio equipment and so on. One of the Russian engineers obtained 98 out of 100 marks at an examination on the maintenance of the type of Merlin engine fitted to these Hurricanes. You have to hand it to these people. They certainly do learn fast. Almost the very day the Wing became operational in Russia our pilots destroyed three Huns and probably destroyed another. A few days later—the next day of good flying weather—we had more victories, and when the Russians saw we were there to kill Germans, as well as to pass on our knowledge of the Hurricane, nothing was too much for them to do for us.

I am afraid that when we were approaching our Russian aerodrome some of us expected to see a few mud huts in the midst of a swamp. Instead, we lived in brick-built, properly furnished and heated buildings. The Russian ideas on aerodrome dispersal are at least as advanced as ours, and their camouflage systems are superb. The command post, in which Wing-Commander Isherwood, our C.O., had to spend a good deal of his time, contained a bombproof operations room to which warnings of approaching enemy aircraft came with surprising speed. The Russian Observer Corps is most efficient, and so are the anti-aircraft defences.

Our boys sometimes did four bomber escorts in a day. Sept. 26 was a typical day. Two flights of one of our squadrons took off with fast Soviet dive-bombers and a flight of heavy bombers. The sky above the vast aerodrome seemed full of aeroplanes. They were all back in an hour without loss. One flight of our squadron was jumped on by six ME 109s. The Hurricanes turned on the Huns and, picking out their targets, sent three Messerschmitts into the ground.

Our aircraft had not even a single bullet-hole in them, and the Soviet bombers were able to do their job unmolested. The Russian General telephoned a message of thanks. On another bomber escort next morning our boys shot down two more German aircraft before lunchtime.

Later on, by the way, the sun could just be detected below the horizon as we went to lunch. There was scarcely any real daylight, but the coldest temperature we recorded was five degrees above zero.

On the whole, the food was extremely good. My first breakfast at our aerodrome was of steak, champagne and brandy. Afterwards we had more normal meals, and there was always plenty of good butter, ham, smoked salmon and splendid soups.

While we are naturally happy to return home (he concluded), many of us were sorry to leave Russia, and I, for one, have returned home feeling very confident of the part Russia is playing in this war.

The following tribute was paid to Wing-Commander Ramsbottom-Isherwood by Divisional Commissar A. Nikolaiev, dated Nov. 29, 1941: "Under your command," it read, "the airmen of the Wing of the Royal Air Force have bravely fought against our common enemy—Hitler's Germany. Your personal manliness. daring and able handling have been greatly valued by the Soviet Government. I am glad to congratulate you with the award of the High Order of the Union of Socialist Republics, 'The Order of Lenin.' I am convinced that the friendly military co-operation between the English and Soviet airmen will be further strengthened in future."

Soon after their return to England, Wing-Commander Ramsbottom-Isherwood, Squad. Leader A. H. Rook and Squad. Leader A. G. Miller were awarded the D.F.C.

'SHOT' WITH A SMILE, these British pilots of the R.A.F. Wing which went to Russia leave with their Soviet comrades a film record of a highy successful visit. Top, R.A.F. pilots at the entrance to the Russian dug-out seen in the opposite page. *Photos, British Official*

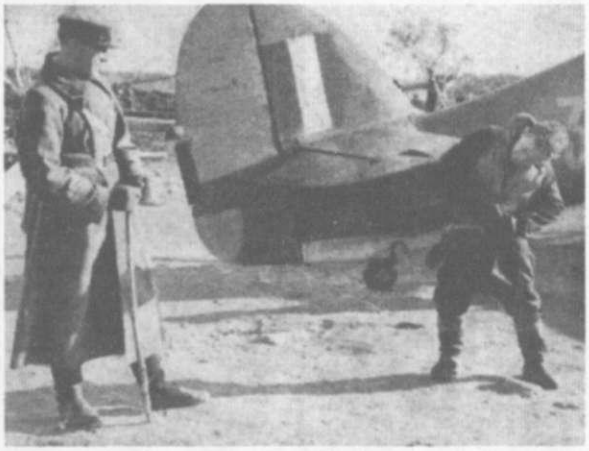
When Our No. 151 Wing Was in Russia

MID RUSSIAN SNOWS sentries of the R. A. F. Wing in Russia patrol an aerodrome on the edge of a frozen lake.

No. 151 WING, R.A.F., having successfully completed its mission in Russia, is now back in Britain. Here are pilots of one of the squadrons in their dug-out dispersal hut in Russia. The furniture they made themselves.

This sturdy Hurricane (right) is parked out in the open in Russia with only a camouflage net as covering against the weather.

An R.A.F. flying field in Russia before the advent of the winter weather (below). The aircraft originally sent to Russia have now been supplemented by large deliveries of Hurricanes, which are piloted by members of the Red Air Force.



A Russian officer watching an R.A.F. pilot don his parachute. Having demonstrated Hurricane fighters to the pilots and ground crews of the Soviet Union, the R.A.F. Wing has returned, leaving their aircraft and equipment in capable hands.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Our Searchlight on the War

PROBLEM OF MORALE

The errors, the defects of temperament that caused the defeat of France, are not peculiarly and essentially French; they are human, and we are all in our different ways liable to them.—*Mr. W. Somerset Maugham*

A GRAPH of public morale since the war began would show that the highest point was reached in the summer and autumn of 1940. Those perilous months, from the Battle of Britain to the burning of London, were wonderfully inspiring. Although our position after Dunkirk looked nearly hopeless the national morale was such that our defeat was unthinkable and our victory a fact. History would not be wrong in recording that the spirit of the British people at that time saved the world from German domination. Our naval defence, our successes in the air and in Libya, and the work of Civil Defence at home brought 1940 to a close on a note of triumph. Though our position is now incomparably stronger materially than it was then, there is a feeling that the national morale is not so high. Is this not due to the fact that a large number of people are not doing enough, and some, through no fault of their own, are idling away their time? The collapse of France gave Britain her "finest hour," but it also placed us on the defensive where we have been, with the exception of Libya, ever since. The news of our paratroop raid near Havre came as a great tonic. May we hope that the time is near when we shall see the enemy harassed by simultaneous attacks in various parts of his straggling coast line? To pass from the defensive to the offensive is the business of 1942. We must beware of the Maginot complex.

BRITAIN'S PATH

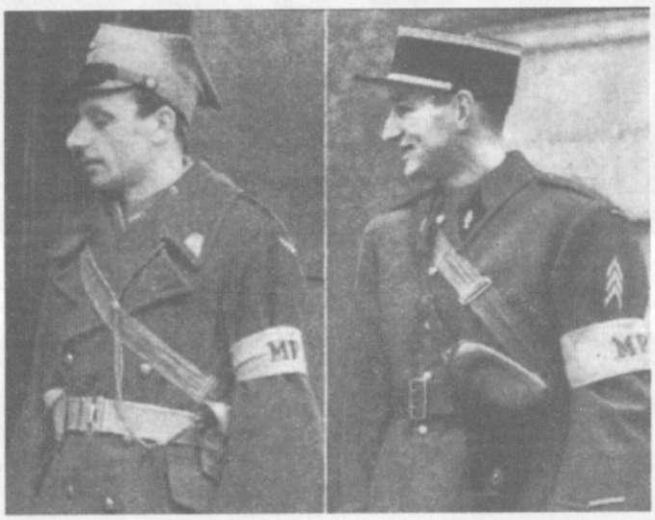
Our goal might be the same as that of Soviet youth, but the path by which we should reach it must be defined by our own environment and not by that of Russia or any country.—*Sir Stafford Cripps, M.P.*

WE have in Britain the political experience, the technical efficiency, and the traditional fortitude to build a great and prosperous future. It only suffices for us to be true to ourselves and to exploit our native genius at its best to make post-war Britain a happy land. While the ideals of freedom approximate in all nations fighting against the tyrants, each of the Allies has its own problems to solve in its own particular way. A small island, which depends for its life upon sea-power and which is loosely tied by sentiment to far-flung Dominions, is not the environment for experiments in totalitarian communism. Our democratic ideals are not the fruit of a generation of toil. They are deep-rooted in the past, and have matured throughout the centuries, adapting themselves resourcefully to new circumstances and modern conditions. The march of socialism in Britain has proceeded step by step as a matter of evolution. The British people will work out their own destiny. They are too wise to discard a constitutional system which, in spite of its faults, and they can be remedied, has kept them in the forefront of the world for so long.

THE MISSING BLITZ

Germany gave up the attempt to "coventrate" England a long time ago, since it appeared that the bombing of towns does not produce decisive results.—*Berlin Correspondent of the Stockholm Tidningen*

CERTAINLY, the bombing of Britain did the enemy no good. It aroused the national spirit to a mood of defiance and resolution which proved to the world that we were invincible. That, combined with our aerial victories in the autumn of 1940, was the first sign that German aggression could and would be stopped. But the Berlin correspondent forgets to state that, when Germany had overwhelming air superiority, she was able to conquer Europe with comparative ease. With his thousands of planes, Hitler blackmailed various European capitals into surrender. Rotterdam he "coventrated." The threat to Paris played a great part in the collapse of France. Had the Allies now the same numerical superiority in planes as Hitler had in 1939, we could win the war immediately by attacking Germany in such force that resistance would be hopeless. This is a point to remember. Nor must we forget that it would suit the Nazis perfectly to call off the bombing of military objectives now that the Allies have reached parity and probably gone beyond it. The real reason for the blitz holiday is because Germany has lost so many planes and skilled pilots on the East Front.



MILITARY POLICE of the Polish (left) and Free French Forces are now on duty in London assisting and examining the passes of their soldiers now in training in this country. *Photos, Keystone*

FRENCH REVOLUTION, PART II

In spite of the zones into which the country is divided, France is secretly engaged in bringing about the greatest revolution.—*General de Gaulle*

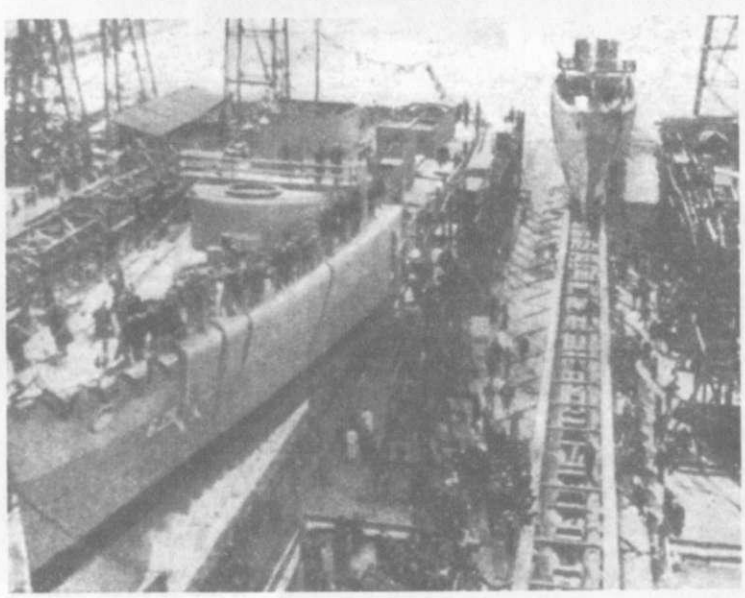
IN regard to France the British public have shown a commendable restraint and sympathy, but some impatience is inevitable. Our late Ally under *force majeure* is working for the enemy, but the French people cannot help themselves. They are subjected to a kind of penal servitude by the Germans. Armed with all the machinery of repression, the Nazi jailors stand over a prostrate nation. But the spirit of France is not dead, and it is for the United States, Britain, and Russia to help to sustain that spirit. General de Gaulle tells us that France is secretly engaged in bringing about the greatest revolution in her history. Such an event is, of course, a historic necessity, not only for the resurrection of France, but for the benefit of the world as a whole. The Vichy quislings must be well aware that their days are numbered. They are like men under sentence of death, but the date of their execution has not been fixed except in the inscrutable calendar of fate. They are between the devil of Hitler and the rising storm of French popular hatred. The storm will break as soon as France regains confidence in herself. The Allies, in remembering all that France has done for civilization, must help her regain that confidence, and convince her that her future will be no less great than her past.

THE OWEN GUN, invented by 27-year-old Evelyn Owen of the A.I.F., fires 30 rounds in 3 seconds, is considered far more deadly than any other sub-machine gun, and costs only a fraction of the price of the Thompson sub-machine gun. It is being mass-produced in Australia. *Photo, Australian Official*

A QUADRUPLE ALLIANCE

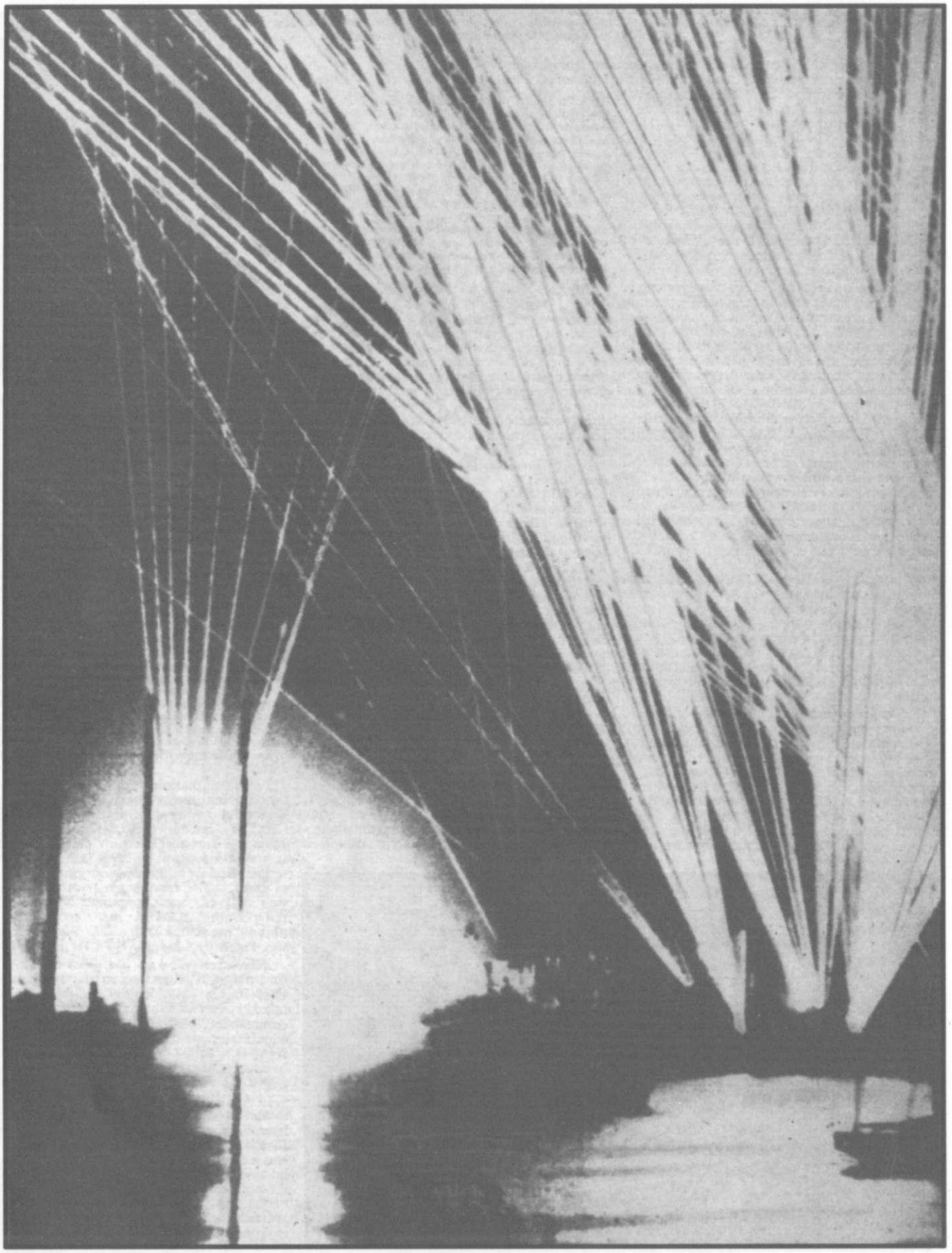
I want to see England in real alliance with Russia and the United States—and if China were a strong and regular power (as it might be some day), I say the alliance should be quadruple. *Charles Villiers to Mme. Olga Novikoff* (1866)

CHARLES VILLIERS, the great humanist and reformer, in writing to Mme. Novikoff, an advocate of Anglo-Russian friendship, uttered a wish that may well become a true prophecy. The world is now clearly divided between criminal tyrannies and constructive reformers—the Axis on the one hand trying to destroy civilization, and the Allies on the other trying to preserve and increase it. The New Order must revolve round Britain, the United States, Russia and China, and if these Powers can consolidate eventual victory in a progressive alliance there should be great hope for the future of mankind, and the end of all political and military gangsters who try to dominate the world, not for the benefit of their peoples, but for their own personal vanity. The rise of such murderous megalomaniacs must become impossible, and healthy democracies can prevent it. The dictators were able to impose their systems upon their hysterical peoples and destroy the happiness of millions only because the Allies fell apart after the last war and refused to agree upon a common policy of peace, security and progress.



DOUBLE LAUNCHING in the United States. Down the slipways at the Philadelphia Navy Yard goes the newly launched U.S. destroyer Butler, while on the left the destroyer Gherardi awaits its turn. *Photo, Wide World*

War's Flames Light Up the African Sky



FLAK OVER TRIPOLI during a night visit by bombers of the R.A.F. This photograph, received from enemy sources, shows the tremendous barrage which British aircraft encounter during their frequent visits to the Libyan harbour to which come supplies and reinforcements for General Rommel. The flash on the left was made by the explosion of a heavy British bomb. *Photo, Keystone*

They Fought Like Wild Cats in Java

Fresh from their great triumph at Singapore, the Japanese turned their attention to Java, the last outpost of the Allies between the great continental masses of India and Australia. Below we describe the opening phase of the conflict.

On the eve of the Battle of Java, Lt.-Gen. Hein ter Poorten, C.-in-C. of the Dutch forces in the Netherlands East Indies, broadcast an inspiring call to his men. "Fight like wildcats, and fight like hell," he urged them. The situation was serious, but if there was no reason for light-hearted optimism, there was also none for pessimism. The enemy was at the end of long lines of communication; they were seeking desperately for food and oil. The Dutch were fighting for their existence and their families; and, moreover, they had the assistance of thousands of British, Australian and American troops who had now arrived in Java.

The battle opened with a sea engagement. An enemy fleet of 40 transports, closely guarded by some 20 warships, including several heavy cruisers, and watched over by a host of seaplanes, was reported to be making for Surabaya, the great Allied naval base in the east of Java. At once orders were given for the Allied squadron operating in the eastern portion of the Java Sea to go into action. Contact was established west of the island of Bawean late in the afternoon of Feb. 27, when the opposing fleets—the enemy being greatly superior in number of ships and fire-power—were still separated by 12 miles or so. A fierce engagement developed and destroyer attacks were launched on both sides. At this phase of the battle one Allied cruiser was damaged and had to leave the fighting line, and a Dutch destroyer was hit by an enemy salvo and sank. But the enemy did not go scatheless. Many hits were obtained on their ships. A large Japanese cruiser of the Mogami class was set on fire; another eight-inch-gun cruiser apparently received considerable damage, and yet a third heavy cruiser was sunk. At least three Japanese destroyers were left behind, burning or sinking; nevertheless the enemy fleet continued to steam on at high speed.

The action continued during the night and at a long distance, and now it was that the Netherlands Navy received a crippling blow. Two fine cruisers which had received strict orders from the Navy C.-in-C. to attack by all means and regardless of risks were torpedoed. "Probably," said an official report, "in the course of their very gallant and daring action against a superior enemy force they advanced into the Japanese line of submarines." Their sacrifice was the subject of a fine tribute by Batavia Radio.

"We realize fully what the heavy loss of cruisers means, and we are not downhearted. Instead, we are filled with deep pride for those heroic men who sacrificed themselves. We bow to those brave Dutchmen and Indonesians who were filled with the spirit of devotion, and who went out to attack, not thinking of the outcome of the battle, but having only one aim. They did not die in vain. They leave a memory which will live as a brilliant example to the men of our army and air force who have now themselves taken up arms against the invaders. By this unbelievably courageous act at sea, a new and glorious chapter has been added to the history of the Dutch fleet."

During the next night (Saturday, Feb. 28) the Japanese, undeterred by the Allied sea and air defences, which inflicted some damage on the transports and the escorting warships, succeeded in landing at three main points on the northern coast of Java—at Bantam and Indramayu, 50 miles west and 100 miles east of Batavia respectively, and over a wide front east of Rembang. Fierce fighting continued throughout the Sunday. The enemy endeavoured to carry out strong infiltration, mainly by light armoured cars and lightly armed cyclists. They suffered heavy losses at several points, but before nightfall the Dutch admitted in an announcement from Bandoeng that the Japanese had overrun a large part of the plains of Krawang in the Indramayu section. Only a few thousand struggled ashore at first, through a hail of bombs and machine-gun bullets, but the stream of men continued without a break so that soon they were pressing on to the interior. Fighting doggedly all the way the Allied forces went back, blowing up railway and road bridges as they went, so as to prevent, if possible, the junction of the invading forces. The Dutch also adopted the most intense "scorched earth" tactics, but there was no wholesale evacuation of the civilian population. In general the people met the invaders with admirable calm. Only a few high Dutch officials were ordered to leave their posts in the threatened regions and repair to Batavia or (when this was abandoned as the capital) to Bandoeng—and even they were told to leave their wives and children behind. The police were reinforced and ordered to stay behind, whatever happened, so as to help the civil administrators to maintain public order and confidence.

MAJ.-GEN. H. D. W. SITWELL, G.O.C. the British troops in Java. *Photo, Lafayette*

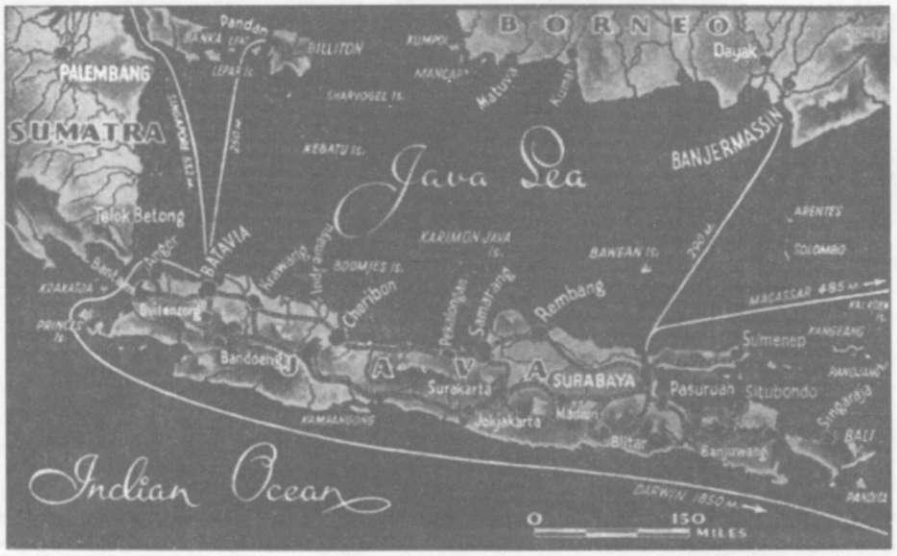
That British were playing their part in the battle was revealed in an Order of the Day.

"British troops in Java," it read. "We have the honour to be about to fight with our Dutch and American allies in defence of the last stronghold of democracy in the South-West Pacific. The Japanese are skilful and well-armed opponents, and are likely to be in superior numbers. They fight better in attack than in defence, and therefore our best chance is to attack whenever we can. 'Attack' and not 'defence,' must be our watchword. The British in the past have always displayed their finest qualities in the darkest hour. An historian describing a battle fought in Spain about 130 years ago, where victory was snatched from defeat in the face of an overwhelming superiority of numbers and equipment, wrote: 'And now the whole world was to see with what glory and majesty the British soldier can fight.' The eyes of the world are on them now. Let them see it again."

From the quotation from Napier's description of the Battle of Albuera in the Peninsular War careful commentators surmised that the Order was penned by General Wavell himself. Maybe it was so, but now General Wavell was recalled from the A.B.D.A. front and re-established in his old position of C.-in-C. in India. The reason given for the change was that the swift Japanese advance had reduced the A.B.D.A. area to practically nothing more than Java itself. Wavell's place was taken by Lt.-Gen. Hein ter Poorten.

Before returning to India General Wavell sent a farewell message to the Netherlands East Indies, in which he declared that he handed over his command to the Dutch commanders with confidence, knowing their capabilities and skill, their unswerving resolution to do everything for the defence of Java. "I have found them men of deeds rather than of words, and have learned to appreciate the worth of what they do."

Meanwhile, the situation in the island was becoming ever more difficult; indeed, the Dutch authorities admitted that the struggle was a desperate one. The East Indies Army, however, would endure to the bitter end, and all commanders were given orders to fight to the last. In their great ordeal the people remained resolute and calm, and in a broadcast message Queen Wilhelmina, after declaring that "the Dutch Navy will rise again, stronger than ever before," promised that "to help the East Indies in the great struggle we shall do the impossible . . ."

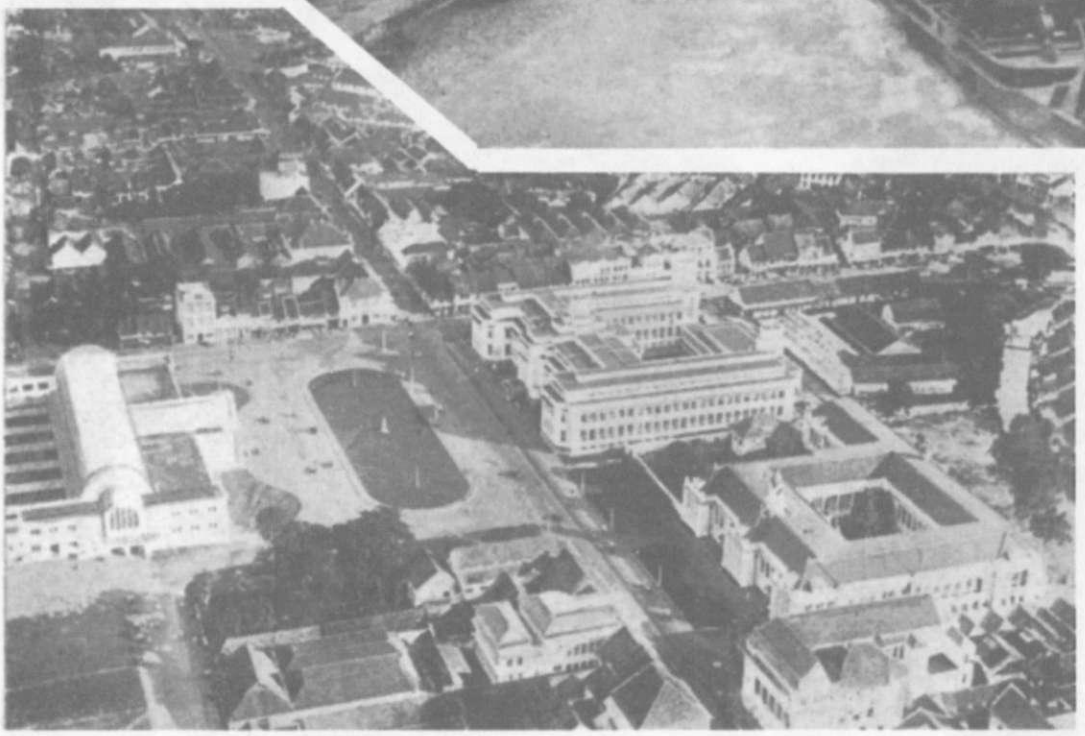


JAVA, island of the Malay Archipelago and seat of the Government of the Netherlands East Indies, was invaded by Japan on the night of Saturday, February 28. Landings were made at three points—east and west of Batavia—the capital, and west of Surabaya, and by March 9 the Japanese claimed complete victory. *Map by courtesy of News Chronicle*

Over Java Has Swept the Japanese Tornado

IN JAVA there are extensive forests through which roads, like that above, have had to be cut. The total mileage of highways in Java is about 17,000.

FLYING DUTCHMEN of the Royal Netherlands East Indies Air Force, some of whom are seen above, have fought magnificently in the defence of Holland's territories in the Far East.



MINES AND SHELLS for the protection of the great naval base of Surabaya being towed to an ammunition depot. One of the Japanese landings in Java on Feb. 28 was made to the west of this important base, in the vicinity of Rembang.

BATAVIA, capital of Java, seen from the air. The city was declared an open town by the Dutch Indies authorities, and at 8.30 p.m. on March 5, "without firing a shot," the Japanese marched in.

Photos, British Official; E.N.A., Sport & General

Once Again the Panicky Cry of 'Cossacks!' Rings Out on

Galloping forward into battle across the frozen plains go men of Maj.-Gen. Byelov's 1st Guards Cavalry Corps. How the Cossacks ride again in Russia is related in page 542 ; the sentence at the top of the page is from an article by Col. Gen. Gorodovikov in Soviet War News. Below, Red Army ski troops are on their way to the front line, clad in white camouflage suits and riding on tanks and sledges. Centre, right, a derelict German tank lies abandoned in the snow after the Nazis have retreated.

STALIN GREETS THE GLORIOUS RED ARMY

THE Red Army is 24 years old. It was on Feb. 23, 1918, that it went into action for the first time—at Pskov and Narva, when it defeated the Germans who were advancing on Leningrad. This year the anniversary was celebrated with more than usual enthusiasm, since once again the Russian soil feels the German invaders' tread ; and the occasion was seized by Stalin, as People's Commissar for Defence, to issue a special Order of the Day.

After reviewing the great achievements of the Red Army in its 24 years of life, Stalin proceeded to tell of the treacherous attack made on Russia by Fascist Germany last summer. "The enemy expected that the Red Army would be routed after the very first blow and would lose its ability to resist. But the enemy miscalculated badly. He did not realize the Red Army's power, nor the strength of the Soviet rear and the determination of our people to win ; he did not realize the unreliability of the European fear of Fascist Germany. Finally, he did not realize the internal weakness of Fascist Germany and her army." True, in the first months of the war the Red Army was forced to retreat and evacuate part of the Russian territory ; but none in the Red Army or in Russia doubted that this retreat was but temporary. Having accumulated fresh strength, having been reinforced with men and equipment, the time came when the Red Army was able to pass to the offensive. Within a short time the Germans suffered one blow after another, at Rostov and Tikhvin, in the Crimea and before Moscow. In a succession of violent battles the Red Army drove the Germans back from Moscow, and still keeps pressing them westwards. Hundreds of towns and villages have been liberated.

STALIN speaking in Moscow during the 24th anniversary celebrations of the Bolshevik Revolution in Nov. 1941, while the hitherto victorious German army was only some thirty miles away. *Photo, British Official*

★ Nazis on the Verge of Catastrophe

THE German Fascists (continued Stalin) thought their army invincible, more particularly since it had the support of troops drawn from Italy, Rumania and Finland, whereas the Red Army has no such support. Yet now they are on the verge of catastrophe.

Now the Germans no longer possess the military advantage which they had in the first months of the war as a result of their treacherous and sudden attack. The momentum of this unexpectedness and suddenness, which constituted a reserve force for the German Fascist armies, has been fully spent. Now the fate of the war will be decided not by such a factor of surprise, but by permanent factors—stability of the rear, morale of the Army, quantity and quality of divisions and Army equipment, organizational ability of the Army Command.

Under the mighty blows of the Red Army the German troops, rolling southwards, are sustaining huge losses in man-power and equipment. They are clinging to each line in the attempt to postpone their destruction. But the enemy's attempts are in vain. The initiative is now in our hands, and the painful efforts of Hitler's weakened, rusty machinery are unable to withstand the drive of the Red Army.

The day is not far off when the Red Army, by its powerful blows, will throw the bestial enemy back from Leningrad, and will clear them out of the towns and villages of White Russia and the Ukraine, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, and Karelia, will free the Soviet Crimea, and the Red banners will again fly victoriously over the whole Soviet land.

However, it would be unpardonable short-sightedness if we were to rest content with the success already achieved, and to believe that we had already done away with the German troops. This would be empty boasting and conceit unworthy of Soviet people. One must not forget that there are still many difficulties ahead. The enemy is suffering defeat, but he has not yet been routed, still less has he been finished off.

But the enemy is still strong, and the more often he is defeated the more furious will he become. Therefore it is necessary that the training of reserves for assistance to the front should not be relaxed in our country for a single moment. It is necessary that fresh Army units should go to the front one after another, to forge victory over the bestial enemy. It is necessary that our industry, especially our war industry, should work with redoubled vigour. It is necessary that the front should receive every day increasing quantities of tanks, planes, guns, mine-throwers, machine-guns, rifles, automatic rifles, and ammunition.

★ The Red Army's Supreme Task

Then Stalin proceeded to compare the war aims of the Red Army with those of Hitler's Fascists.

The Red Army's strength rests above all in the fact that it does not wage a predatory imperialist war, but a patriotic war, a war of liberation, a just war. The Red Army's task is to liberate our Soviet territory from the German invaders, to liberate from the yoke of the German invaders the residents of our towns and villages who, before the war, were free and lived like human beings and who are now oppressed and suffer pillage, subjection, and famine ; and, lastly, to liberate our women from the disgrace and outrages to which they have been subjected by the German Fascist fiends.

What could be nobler and loftier than this task ? No single German soldier can say that he is waging a just war, because he cannot fail to see that he is forced to fight for the plundering and oppression of other peoples. The German soldier lacks any lofty, noble aim in the war which could inspire him and in which he could take pride. Any Red Army man, on the other hand, can proudly say that he is waging a just war, a war for liberation, a war for the freedom and independence of his Motherland. The Red Army pursues its noble and lofty war aim, which inspires it to heroic feats.

This, properly speaking, explains why the patriotic war brings forward thousands of heroes and heroines in our country who are ready to face death for the freedom of their Motherland. This is the source of the strength of the Red Army. This is also the source of the weakness of the German Fascist Army.

★ Hitlers Come and Go : Germany Remains

Then came a denial of the view sometimes expressed in the foreign press, that the Red Army's aim is to exterminate the German people and destroy the German state.

This, of course, is a stupid lie, and a senseless slander against the Red Army. The Red Army has not and cannot have any such idiotic aims.

The aim of the Red Army is to oust the German occupationists from our country and liberate Soviet soil from the German Fascist invaders. It is very likely that the war for the liberation of our Soviet land will result in the ousting or destruction of Hitler's clique. We would welcome such an outcome. But it would be ridiculous to identify Hitler's clique with the German people and the German State. The experience of history shows that Hitlers come and go, whereas the German people and the German state remain.

Lastly, the strength of the Red Army lies in the fact that it does not and cannot entertain racial hatred for other peoples, including the German people, that it has been brought up in the spirit of the equality of all peoples and races, in the spirit of respect for the rights of other peoples.

The Germans' racial theory and their practice of racial hatred have brought about a situation in which all freedom-loving peoples have become the enemies of Fascist Germany. The theory of race equality in the U.S.S.R. and the practice of respect for the rights of other peoples has brought about a situation where all freedom-loving peoples have become the friends of the Soviet Union. This is another source of the strength of the Red Army, and this is also a source of the weakness of the German Fascist Army.

★ No Racial Hatred in the Red Army

Next Stalin protested against the view that the Red Army is inspired by feelings of racial hatred. In Russia, he pointed out, any manifestation of such hatred is punished by law, and the Red Army is quite free from it.

Sometimes the foreign press engages in prattle that the Soviet people hate the Germans just because they are Germans, and that the Red Army exterminates the German soldiers just because they are Germans, because it hates everything German ; and that therefore the Red Army does not take German soldiers prisoner. This, of course, is a similar stupid lie, and senseless slander of the Red Army.

Certainly the Red Army has to annihilate the German Fascist occupationists since they wish to enslave our Motherland, or when they, being surrounded by our troops, refuse to lay down their arms and surrender. The Red Army annihilates them not because of their German origin but because they wish to enslave our Motherland. The Red Army, like the army of any other people, is entitled to annihilate and bound to annihilate the enslavers of its Motherland, irrespective of their national origin.

★ If the Enemy Does Not Surrender

Recently, continued Stalin, German garrisons at Kalinin, Klin, Sukhinichi, Andreapol and Toropets had been surrounded by Red Army troops who promised to spare their lives if they surrendered, but as the Germans refused to lay down their arms they had to be driven out by force, and many of them were killed.

War is war. The Red Army takes German soldiers and officers prisoner if they surrender and spares their lives. The Red Army annihilates German soldiers and officers if they refuse to lay down their arms and attempt, arms in hand, to enslave our Motherland. Remember the words of our great Russian writer, Maxim Gorky : "If the enemy does not surrender he must be annihilated."

"Comrades, Red Army men and Red Navy men, commanders and political workers, men and women guerillas," concluded Stalin, "I congratulate you on the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Red Army ! I wish you complete victory over the German Fascist invaders. Long Live the Red Army and Red Navy ! Long live the men and women guerillas ! Long live our glorious Motherland and its freedom and independence ! Under Lenin's banner onward to the defeat of the German Fascist invaders ! "

Eighteen Young Airmen—And Every One a Hero

Already we have told of the action on Feb. 12, when, despite gallant efforts on the part of our airmen and destroyers, the Nazi ships from Brest made a successful passage to a home port (see page 534). Now we give some further details of the heroic part played by the Swordfish planes.

Lieut.-Commander EUGENE ESMONDE, D.S.O., R.N., awarded a posthumous V.C.

ON the morning of Thursday, Feb. 12, 1942, Lieut.-Commander Esmonde, in command of a squadron of the Fleet Air Arm, was told that the German battle-cruisers Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, and the cruiser Prinz Eugen, strongly escorted by some 30 surface craft, were entering the Straits of Dover, and that his squadron must attack before they reached the sand banks north-east of Calais.

Lieut.-Commander Esmonde knew well that his enterprise was desperate. Soon after noon he and his squadron of six Swordfish set course for the enemy, and after ten minutes flight were attacked by a strong force of enemy fighters. Touch was lost with his fighter escort, and in the action which followed all his aircraft were damaged. He flew on, cool and resolute, serenely challenging hopeless odds, to encounter the deadly fire of the battle-cruisers and their escort, which shattered the port wing of his aircraft.

Undismayed, he led his squadron on, straight through this inferno of fire, in steady flight towards their target. Almost at once he was shot down, but his squadron went on to launch a gallant attack in which at least one torpedo is believed to have struck the German battle-cruisers, and from which not one of the six aircraft returned.

His high courage and splendid resolution will live in the traditions of the Royal Navy and remain for many generations a fine and stirring memory.

Col. THOMAS ESMONDE, his great-uncle, won the V.C. in the Crimean War.

IT will live in history—the story of the eighteen men who flew their six obsolescent Swordfish biplanes, laden with torpedoes, straight into the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and Prinz Eugen through a terrific curtain of fire. But the story, though one of surpreme individual courage and steadfast devotion to duty, is not one which reflects much credit on those primarily responsible. The speed of these Swordfish biplanes, when fully loaded, is about 100 m.p.h., and they were therefore extremely vulnerable to the large escorting force of enemy fighters. Not one Swordfish returned to its base, and of the crews only five men, three of whom were seriously wounded, survived the action.

The supreme courage displayed by their leader, Lieut.-Commander E. Esmonde, is made clear from the official citation which accompanied the announcement of the posthumous award of a V.C. (see panel above). Decorated by the King for a previous exploit only the day before this action, Esmonde sent a torpedo straight at the leading battleship before he crashed. With him died his observer, Lieut. Williams, and his air-gunner, Petty-Officer Clinton.

The C.O. of the airfield from which the doomed machines took off told a News Chronicle reporter that for nearly half-an-hour these Swordfish were our only planes striking at the enemy battleships protected by a great force of aircraft estimated at nearly 400 planes. He said: "I wished all my men good luck—they knew what they were after —and I heard nothing until many hours later when five survivors were brought ashore by the Navy. Every plane had taken terrific punishment before they had got over the enemy's destroyer screen."

Following Esmonde were Sub.-Lieut. C. M. Kingsmill and Sub.-Lieut. R. M. Samples, pilot and observer respectively of a Swordfish that was badly hit early in the action by cannon shells from an enemy fighter. Both were wounded, but with part of the aircraft shot away and the engine and upper wings in flames, they flew on undaunted until they had taken aim and fired their torpedo. Then they turned and tried to come down near some ships, but these opened fire, so they flew on until their engine stopped and the plane came down in the sea, where they were picked up. Both officers were awarded the D.S.O. and the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal was given to their air-gunner, 1st Class Naval Airman D. A. Bunce, who stayed at his gun engaging the enemy fighters, one of whom he probably shot down.

In the wake of Kingsmill, Sub.-Lieut. B. W. Rose pressed home his attack. His aircraft, too, had been hit early in the action, but, though in great pain from a wound in his back, he held on his course. Another hit burst his petrol tank, but steadily he flew on, getting within 2,000 yards of the enemy before releasing his torpedo. Then he flew back across the fire of the enemy escort and, his aircraft ablaze, came down in the sea. He has been awarded the D.S.O., together with his observer, Sub.-Lieut E. F. Lee. Their air-gunner, Leading Airman A. L. Johnson, D.S.M. (mentioned posthumously in dispatches), had been killed before they reached the enemy escort vessels, and Sub.-Lieut. Lee stood up in the cockpit directing the pilot so that he could evade the enemy fighters until at last the aircraft came down in flames. Then, although under fire, he got his wounded pilot into a dinghy, where he stayed, tending him, while a terrific battle raged overhead, until both were rescued. To the News Chronicle reporter, Sub.-Lieut. Lee, a fair-haired boy of 20, said: "It was pretty frightful. We went straight in with the Germans giving us everything they had. There was a terrific moving mass of aircraft all around us, but as we wheeled away and went rushing into the sea I caught a glimpse of the second flight coming in. That flight was never heard of again."

The men who comprised this flight were Lieut. J. C. Thompson, R.N., Sub-Lieut. R. L. Parkinson, R.N., Sub-Lieut. C. R. Wood, R.N., Sub-Lieut. W. Beynon, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lieut. E. H. Fuller-Wright, R.N.V.R., Act. Sub-Lieut. Peter Bligh, R.N.V.R., Ldg. Airman E. Tapping, Ldg. Airman W. G. Smith, and Ldg. Airman H. T. Wheeler, all of whom were mentioned posthumously in dispatches.

The last that was seen of them was as they flew steadily onward towards the battle-cruisers under the leadership of Lieut. Thompson. Their aircraft shattered, they carried on through the inferno of fire to carry out their orders and attack the target. Not one of them came back.

FLEET AIR ARM HEROES of the action against the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau in the Channel—the 18 men, pilots and crews of the six Swordfish planes who showed "courage beyond praise"—were honoured in a mass award announced in the London Gazette on Feb. 27. Above left, Sub-Lieut. E. Lee, reporting to the C.O. of the airport from which the Swordfish took off. Right, a Fairey Swordfish, the now obsolete type of torpedo-carrying plane in which the "suicide squadron" attacked the German warships. *Photos, Planet News, Associated Press, Central Press, The Daily Mirror*

Our Diary of the War

TUESDAY FEB. 24, 1942 *906th day*

Air.—Spitfires made an offensive sweep over N. France. Mines laid at night in enemy waters.

Russian Front.—Moscow reported important victory over 16th German Army near Staraya Russa.

Far East.—In Burma, Imperial Forces fell back to the west bank of the Sittang River. An enemy submarine shelled oil refineries on Californian coast. Japs raided Java airfields. News received of fresh landing by Japs near Koepang, capital of Dutch Timor. Japanese planes raided Port Blair on the Andaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal.

Home.—Night raid on East Anglian coast town.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 25 *907th day*

Russian Front.—Fierce battles continued on the Smolensk front. Lichninskaya, on the Kharkov front reported recaptured by Russians.

Far East.—Batavia announced sinking of five large Jap transports in the Macassar Strait. R.A.F. and A.V.G. in Burma destroyed at least 30 enemy bombers and sunk two enemy river boats.

THURSDAY, FEB. 26 *908th day*

Air.—Night attack by R.A.F. on Kiel and Wilhelmshaven.

Russian Front.—Big Russian blow north of Lake Ilmen.

Far East.—21 enemy aircraft shot down in the Rangoon area. In the Pacific, American submarines torpedoed four Japanese ships, including two transports. In the Philippines, Gen. MacArthur counter-attacked with considerable success. Jap planes again raided the Andaman Islands. Australian planes made night attack on Rabaul.

FRIDAY, FEB. 27 *909th day*

Air.—Night attack by R.A.F. on Kiel and Wilhelmshaven.

Russian Front.—Moscow announced that Red Army had begun liberation of the Kursk province. Heavy fighting continued around Staraya Russa.

Far East.—Japanese supply lines on the Burma front heavily attacked by R.A.F. and A.V.G. MacArthur's forces made gains of from one to five miles along the entire Batan front. Japanese heavy cruiser Mogami and three destroyers put out of action off Java.

SATURDAY, FEB. 28 *910th day*

Air.—Blenheims made daylight attack on docks at Ostend. Night attack on Kiel and Wilhelmshaven. Fighter Command attacked airfields in occupied territory.

Russian Front.—Heavy Russian attacks in the area S.E. of Lake Ilmen, on the Donetz front and in the Crimea.

Far East.—Sea battle continued against Japanese expeditionary force making for Java. Jap aircraft attacked Port Moresby.

Home.—German bomber destroyed off E. Anglia.

General.—British parachute troops, infantry, and naval forces made a successful combined raid on the night of Feb. 27-28 on the German radiolocation post at Bruneval, near Le Havre.

SUNDAY, MAR. 1 *911th day*

Sea.—British M.T.B.s torpedoed Nazi tanker near French coast.

Russian Front.—Red Army continued a methodical progress on all fronts.

Far East.—Japs made night landings on Java at three points: in N.W. Bantam, in the Bay of Indramayu and east of Rembang. In Burma, Rangoon-Mandalay railway reported cut by Japanese.

Home.—Bombs dropped by night on a district in S.W. England.

MONDAY, MAR. 2 *912th day*

Russian Front.—Russian southern armies launched new offensive. Heavy fighting continued in Smolensk, Staraya Russa, and Leningrad areas.

Far East.—Jap invaders of Java advanced to Soebang and Blora. Japanese claimed to have bombed wireless station and naval base at Christmas Island.

Atlantic.—U-boat shelled island of Mona, in the Caribbean Sea.

General.—Downing Street announced that Gen. Wavell would resume his command as C.-in-C. India.

TUESDAY, MAR. 3 *913th day*

Air.—Night attack by R.A.F. on armament factories in Paris. Another force attacked French Channel coast.

Russian Front.—Timoshenko's forces made considerable advance towards Dnepropetrovsk. In the Smolensk area the Russians reported recapture of Korobetz. Karijevja, south of Staraya Russa, also recaptured.

Far East.—Fierce fighting in Java. U.S. Navy Dept. reported that an American naval squadron had destroyed 16 out of 18 Jap bombers which attacked it, for the loss of two fighters. Action took place west of the Gilbert Is.

General.—Arrival of Gen. Wavell in India announced.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 4 *914th day*

Russian Front.—Gen. Boldin demanded surrender of Orel, encircled by Red Army. Red Army pushing forward towards Yelna.

Far East.—Japanese continued to advance in Java. Bandoeng, new seat of Government, bombed four times. In Burma, Japs crossed River Sittang and reached Waw, 15 miles west. In the Philippines, U.S. bombers sunk more than 30,000 tons of enemy shipping in Subic Bay. Jap fighters machine-gunned intallations at Darwin, N. Australia. Australian planes raided Jap airfields and shipping at Gasmata, New Britain.

General.—Disclosure of safe arrival of a further large contingent of American troops in N. Ireland.

THURSDAY, MAR. 5 *915th day*

Russian Front.—Moscow announced recapture of Yukhnov, in the Smolensk area.

Far East.—Battle raging for Pegu, 40 miles above Rangoon. In Java, Japanese advanced half-way across the island, and captured Batavia, the capital.

Home.—Operation of the National Service Acts extended to include men from 18 to 46 and women from 20 to 31. Bombs dropped in daylight on South Coast.

General.—20 Frenchmen executed in Paris by the Nazis as a reprisal for the shooting of a German sentry. Announced that 100 Poles had been shot as a reprisal for an attack on two German policemen in Warsaw.

FRIDAY, MAR. 6 *916th day*

Russian Front.—Battles raging around Theodosia and Sevastopol. Further Red Army advance in the Donetz area.

Africa.—Free French motorized units captured three Italian posts in Fezzan.

Far East.—Batavia—claimed by Japanese—officially reported to have been evacuated. British tanks in action in Burma, north of Pegu.

Home.—New Defence Regulation made civilians liable to labour service in event of invasion.

SATURDAY, MAR. 7 *917th day*

Air.—Night attack by R.A.F. on naval base at St. Nazaire.

Russian Front.—Heavy Russian attack launched along the Moscow-Smolensk railway in the Gzhatsk sector.

Far East.—Japs attacked Bandoeng, H.Q. of Allied forces in Java. Port Moresby, New Guinea, raided by Japanese aircraft.

Home.—Enemy aircraft destroyed during slight night activity.

SUNDAY, MAR. 8 *918th day*

Air.—R.A.F. made daylight attack on Matford lorry works at Poissy, near Paris. Other bombers attacked power station at Comines, near Lille, and railway yards at Abbeville. Night raids on Essen and the Ruhr.

Russian Front.—Russians reported to have recaptured Sichevka, 45 miles north of Vyazma.

Far East.—Japs claimed occupation of Rangoon. New Jap landing on island off New Guinea coast. In Philippines, MacArthur's guns smashed Japanese reinforcements. Suicide of Japanese C.-in-C. in Philippines reported. Communication with Java cut.

Home.—Bombs on three towns on N.E. coast of England at night. Admiralty announced destruction of a Heinkel 111 by trawler Cornelian.

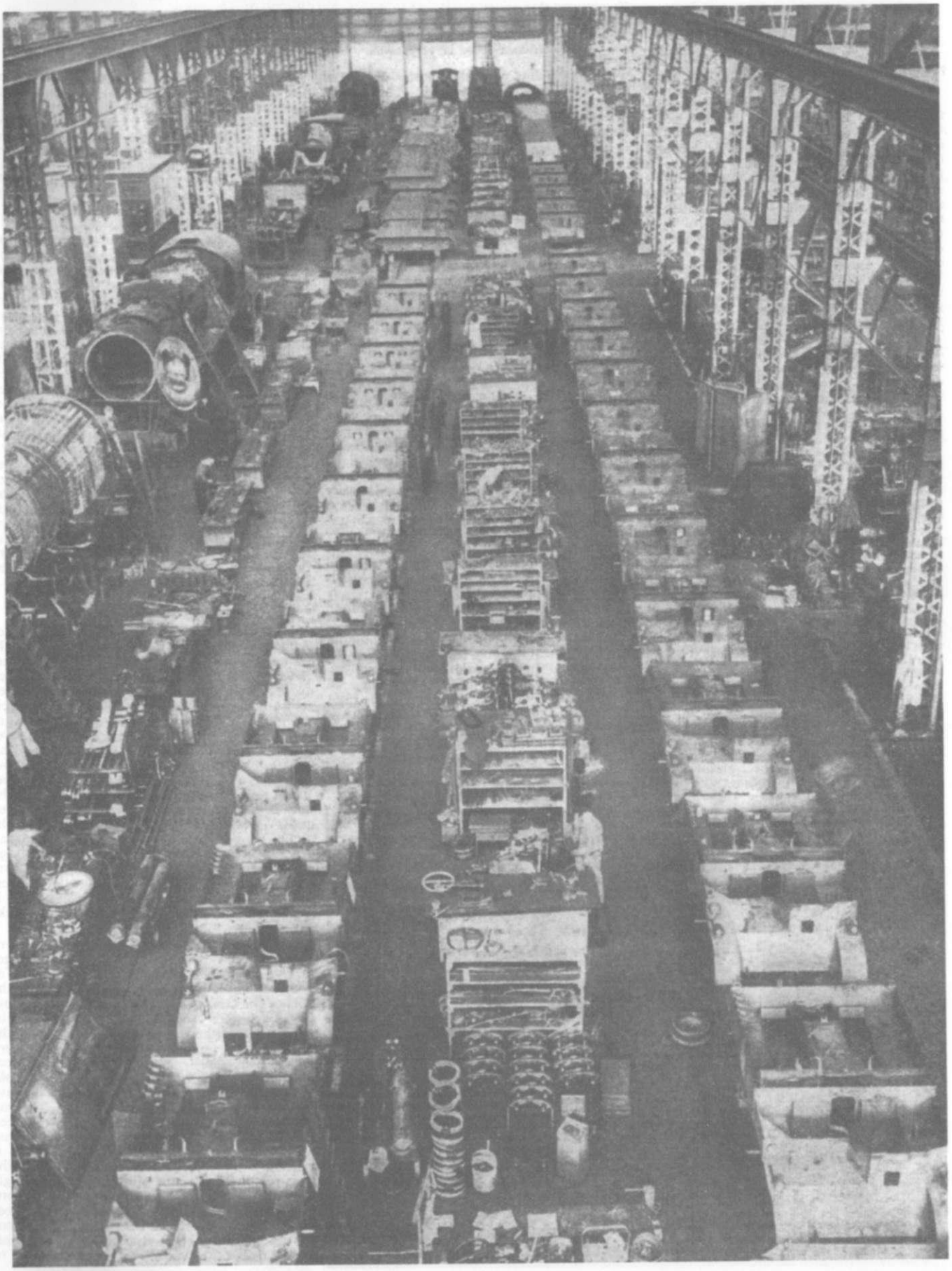
MONDAY, MAR. 9 *919th day*

Russian Front.—Red Army launched new attack between Taganrog and Stalino.

Far East.—U.S. Navy Dept. announced that U.S. submarines had torpedoed a Jap aircraft-carrier, three cruisers, a destroyer and a naval tanker. Official announcement of fall of Rangoon. Lt.-Gen. Sir H. R. Alexander appointed G.O.C. Burma.

ROLLS-ROYCE MERLIN XX aero-engines in production. Women war-workers have quickly adapted themselves to precision engineering, and these girls are seen at work in a corner of the assembly shop.

Australia Must Work Now as Never Before



BREN CARRIERS on the assembly line in an Australian railway workshop which now turns out machines of this kind as well as the locomotives seen on the left. With the fall of Singapore and the rapid advance of the Japanese forces in the Dutch East Indies, Australia realized her danger. Bombs have fallen on the Commonwealth, at Darwin, Broome and Wyndham. "Our honeymoon is finished," said Mr. Curtin, the Prime Minister. "Now we must fight or work as never before." *Photo, Sport & General*

Today It's 'The Horror That Is Greece'

Honour and interest alike demand that everything should be done to help the Greeks, who, as is told below, are now in the most desperate plight. The British Government has agreed to waive its rules of blockade in their favour, but so far the amount of foodstuffs which have reached our sorely-stricken allies is very small.

THE Greeks are starving. They are dying in their thousands of famine and the diseases caused by malnutrition. Between Oct. 1, 1941, and Jan. 26 last, some 40,000 Greeks died from these causes. The mortality is particularly heavy in Athens and its port, the Piraeus, but the situation is just as tragic in other cities and the country districts. In the Greek islands, too—in Chios and Syra in particular—the situation is frightful. Recently the inhabitants of Syra telegraphed to Athens, "Send wheat or coffins." A very large proportion of the deaths are among the younger generation. Whooping cough and diphtheria are taking a terrible toll of child life, and there is a great need of serums, quinine, and cod-liver oil for the children who are wasting away. Those who survive are hardly better off. Starvation is causing young girls of 13 to take up prostitution, and Axis agents are engaged in a flourishing white slave traffic between Greece and Vienna and Budapest.

Last January the News Chronicle published a letter from a man in Athens.

"The food situation is getting worse. Now I dare not walk in the streets. I keep to the house and the garden, for it is impossible to walk through Athens without seeing, every three or four hundred metres, some poor person fainting or dying in the street from hunger. Hungry children are everywhere searching the garbage for scraps to eat. This is what you see in the street. It is impossible to contemplate what goes on behind the walls of the homes in the poor parts of Athens." The lack of food extended to all classes, he went on; there were no black markets any more because there was no food for them to deal in. "So many people have died here that there is no longer any wood for coffins. At night, hearses, boarded up against outside gaze, leave the city for mass burials in the country outside." Yet, in spite of all, "the spirit of the people is wonderful. No one here will falter. Now, as never before, you can be proud that you are a Greek."

Even in peacetime Greece was not a self-supporting country, and before the war she imported at least a third—sometimes very much more—of her wheat requirements. With the cessation of imports the Greeks would have had to tighten their belts, but they would not have starved. The present famine is enemy-made; it is directly due to the plundering in which the Nazis and their Italian allies have engaged from the very moment they crossed the frontier into Greece last spring.

"As the German armies swooped southwards in the wake of their armoured divisions," M. Tsouderos, Prime Minister of the Greek Government in Exile, has declared, "they plundered and pillaged everything in their path. Cattle, crops of every nature, clothing, and movables were taken from the inhabitants of towns and villages. Shops were stripped of their commodities, and all stocks were commandeered. The way was thus paved for the general famine which is now sapping the roots of the Greek nation."

Hundreds Die Daily

In the same document—a White Paper on German, Italian, and Bulgarian atrocities in Greece and Crete, recently published by the Greek Government—M. Tsouderos declares that the "food conditions under Axis rule are appalling beyond words. In the Athens-Piraeus area, 450 people are perishing daily of hunger; 500,000 inhabitants in this area have to rely on public assistance for the very barest meal. The Italians view this situation with satisfaction, as the resistance of a starving population is greatly reduced. Whenever an Axis ship happens to be sunk in the proximity of Greek waters, the occupation authorities deliberately suspend the distribution of the bread ration for three days, falsely alleging that the ship sunk was bringing food to Greece from the Axis Powers."

All through the White Paper runs a note of horror. "At no time in history has organized crime on so large a scale been instituted as part of the technique of invasion and conquest." From the beginning the invaders conducted themselves in the most savage fashion. Mention is made of the orgy of destructive bombing indulged in by the Italian Air Force at Corfu—a zone which had been demilitarized since 1864 and did not possess a single anti-aircraft gun, yet it was attacked on over 30 occasions. When the Nazis entered Greece, they conducted themselves in the same brutal fashion. "These Teuton masters of a new philosophy did not respect one single principle of international law or human decency . . . Towns and villages were reduced to ruins; old men, women, and children were deliberately massacred by machine-gun fire." Whole towns were wiped out; Red Cross hospitals, clearly marked, were completely destroyed; and five Greek hospital ships, again bearing unmistakable Red Cross markings, were sunk by German aircraft, and their survivors machine-gunned as they tried to keep afloat.

Even worse than the treatment of Greece was the invasion of Crete. The three principal towns, Canea, Heraklion, and Retimo, were bombed time and again until not a wall was left standing. "The wretched inhabitants, as they struggled to escape from their primitive shelters, were mercilessly butchered by the machine-guns of aircraft flying at low level, and the agony of mutilated women and helpless little children left these raging beasts unmoved."

Perhaps the most horrible story is that which tells how on the eve of the Battle of the Kalamas River nine Italian tanks deliberately moved backwards and forwards over the bodies of Greek wounded soldiers, although no fighting was in progress. Would it were not true; but the Greek Government declares that the incident is authenticated by trustworthy eye-witnesses.

Looting the Conquered

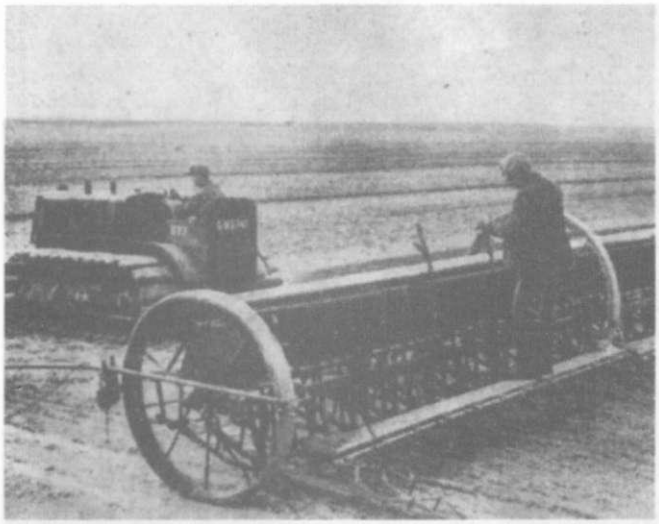
Not even the cessation of armed resistance on the mainland and in Crete has brought an end to the terror. Hundreds of hostages have been, and are being, shot; and often the pretexts for this butchery are alleged assistance to British prisoners in their attempts to escape, alleged concealment of arms, sabotage, and trespassing on petrol dumps. "On June 29 last a young woman and a boy of 13 were shot in University Avenue in Athens by German guards, because they appeared to show some sympathy for British prisoners who were being led past." Housebreaking, theft, and assaults upon women by the Italian and German soldiery are common practices, and go unchecked; looting in every possible form is carried on in the most systematic manner. It is that looting which, as we have seen, is one of the chief reasons why today the Greeks are starving.

To quote from another Greek Government memorandum issued a week or two ago, "The enemy's efforts are deliberate. Together with the body he wishes to destroy the soul of the Greeks. The civilized world, those who remember that they owe some debt to the Greece of the past and the Greece of the present, must oppose these efforts with every means available." Food is the first essential, and already certain stores—beans, split peas, potatoes, onions, fish, and eggs—have reached the half-starved people by way of Turkey under the auspices of the Greek Government. Now comes the news that in Egypt a cargo of 8,000 tons of cereals is waiting shipment to Greece, providing the Axis permission may be obtained, and Dingle Foot has stated in the House of Commons that the Italian safe-conduct has been received, and that, moreover, the British Government has financed the chartering by the Swedish Red Cross of a vessel to carry relief to Greece.

But what are 8,000 tons when even in a good year Greece imported 400,000 tons at least?

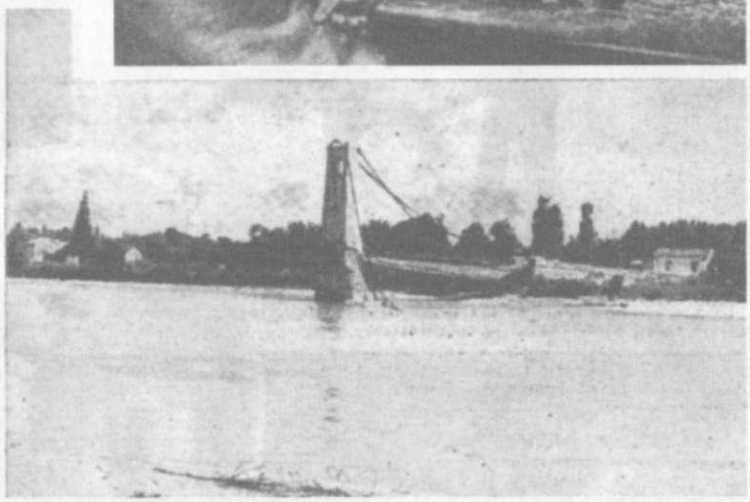
GREECE STILL FIGHTS on the side of the Allies, for several units of the Greek Navy are taking part in the common struggle. Here the crew of a Greek destroyer, the Coundouriotis, are seen at gun practice. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Glimpses of Europe Under the Nazi Boot

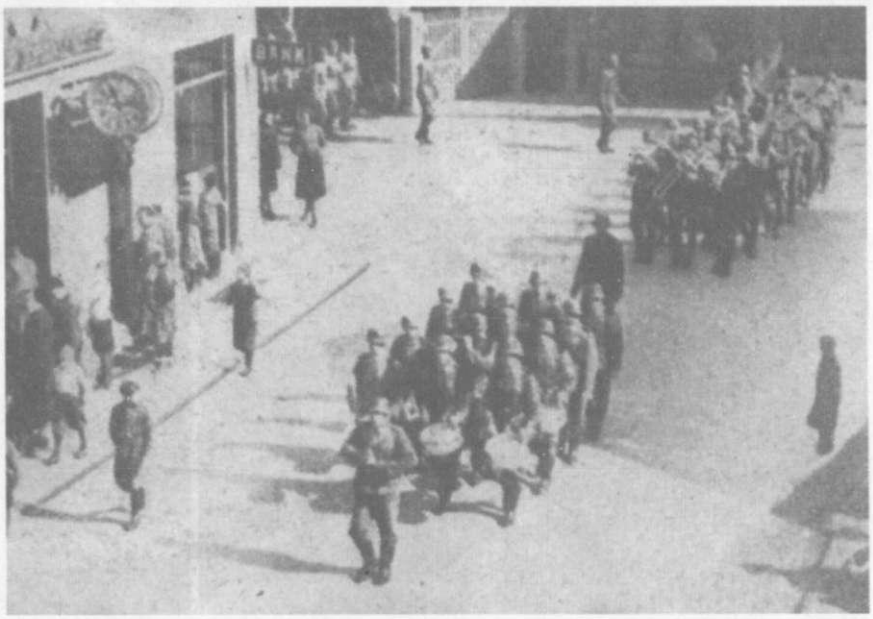


Land under cultivation in the region of the Zuider Zee, Holland, for the production of more food (above). How much the Dutch themselves will get is problematical.

Polish Jews, with their shovels, arriving by lorry to work as demolition squads under the watchful eyes of the Nazis. The persecution of the Jews continues unabated in Poland.



Some of the thousands of French people who left the occupied towns of France for the unoccupied zone when the Germans came, travelling (top right) in the cattle trucks so familiar to British soldiers in the last war. Above, a railway bridge across the Rhône, near Lyons, said to have been destroyed by saboteurs.



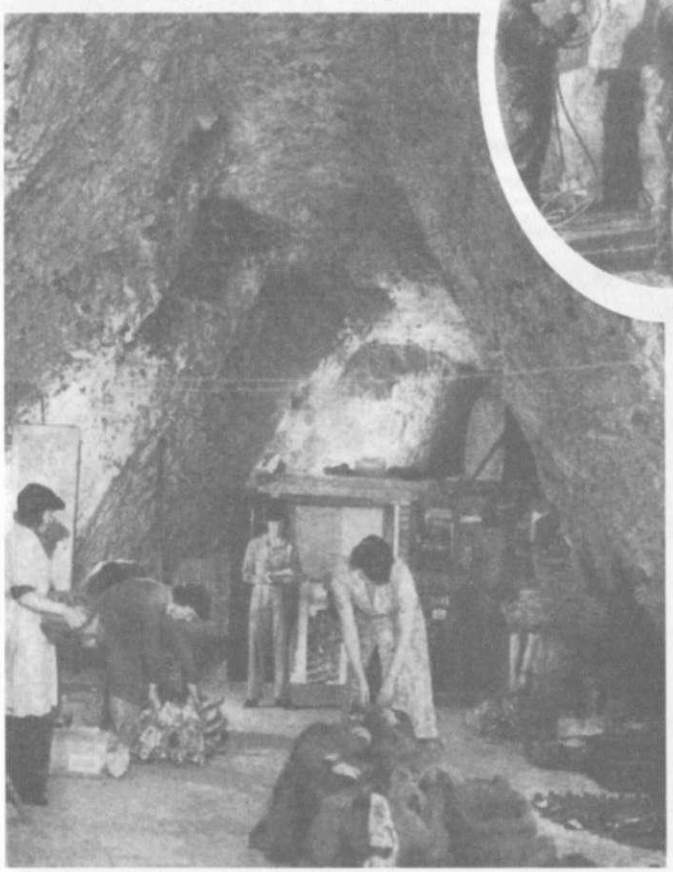
Grave of a British airman in a Norwegian cemetery, tended and adorned with flowers by Norwegian sympathizers (left). Norwegians turn their backs as a Nazi band parades through the streets of Drobak, near Oslo (above). This photograph was smuggled out of Norway.

Photos, Sport & General, Keystone, Planet News

Far Below Ground They're Making Planes

FLUORESCENT LIGHTING installed in a machine shop hewn out of oolite, a kind of limestone, in what was recently a disused underground works, now being converted into a factory.

Section of a drilling shop already in operation in what was once a chalk mine. Air conditioning plant is installed, and all vital departments of underground factories are immune from enemy action.



UNDERGROUND FACTORIES for aircraft production are being made by the conversion of disused underground works such as chalk mines and quarries. What is being done in this way is shown in the remarkable series of photographs in this page. Lower left, a store room hollowed out of solid chalk. Oval masked painters spraying the hewn-out walls of an underground factory with distemper. Right, workers at an underground factory leaving for lunch. The nearby canteens are situated above ground. *Photos, P.N.A., Fox.*

Our Parachutists Led the Way at Bruneval

Men of the supporting infantry return home after the successful raid on a German radio-location post at Bruneval.

A COMBINED raid, in which the Royal Navy, Army and R.A.F. cooperated, was carried out on the night of Feb. 27 against an important German radiolocation post at Bruneval, 12 miles north of Le Havre.

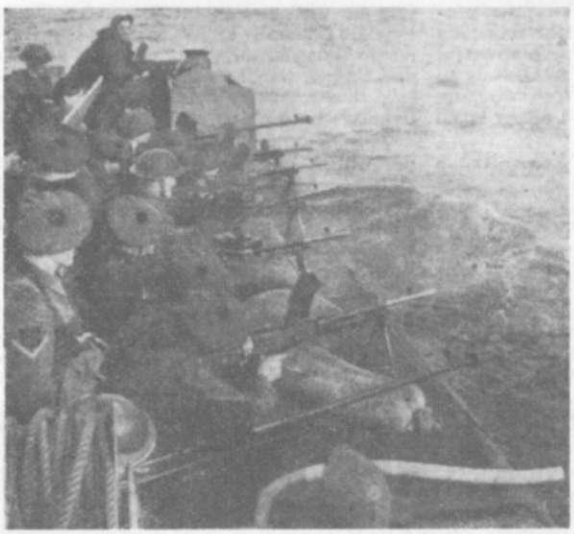
The carrying force of bombers was led by Wing-Commander P. C. Pickard, D.S.O., D.F.C.

The parachute descent force, led by Major J. D. Frost, was dropped, in bright moonlight and slight mist, within easy reach of the objective, despite enemy flak concentration upon the low-flying aircraft during the run-up.

Diversionary operations were carried out by fighter aircraft. The ground operations were carried out according to plan in the face of strong enemy opposition. In spite of all efforts by German defence troops the apparatus was completely destroyed and heavy casualties were inflicted by our parachutists.

German prisoners, captured during the raid on Bruneval, being searched aboard one of the returning vessels.

Having completed their tasks, our troops made their way to Bruneval beach under cover of fire from our light naval forces, commanded by Commander F. N. Cook, Royal Australian Navy. Here are some of the parachute troops after the raid.



Above, troops engaged in the Bruneval raid opening up machine-gun fire upon beaches from their landing craft during a rehearsal of the raid. During the actual raid the German beach defences, taken in the rear by the parachutists, were covered from seaward by the landing craft military escort (found by the Royal Fusiliers and the South Wales Borderers, Home Forces), and overcome.

Wing-Com. Pickard, D.S.O., D.F.C., the leader of the R.A.F. carrying force of bombers which took part in the raid, examines a captured German steel helmet.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

'Inside Ten Minutes the Beach Was in Our Hands'

The following account of the British parachute raid on the German radio-location station at Bruneval, near Havre, was given by Reuter's Special Correspondent, who accompanied the expedition in a " combined operations " ship.

For some days all those who took part had waited. Training and rehearsals had been completed. Everything was satisfactory, and all that was needed were the right conditions. Since the Navy, the Army and the R.A.F. each had vital parts to play, weather conditions to suit all services were necessary—little or no wind for the parachutists, good visibility for the R.A.F. and the right tide for the Navy. In winter few days can fulfil all those conditions.

As each day passed, so spirits sank in the wardroom of the ship in which I had lived during the final training and rehearsal for the parachute troops and the light landing craft. Then glumness and depression were rapidly transformed into jubilation when word came round late on Friday afternoon (Feb. 27): "The job's on tonight."

The sun shone brilliantly from a clear sky when the naval flotilla sailed to the cheers of other craft. As the pastel shades of the sky darkened into night the escorting craft faded into vague shapes distinguishable only by their wake—a silver streak in the light of the moon.

While the flotilla steamed steadily to the French coast, those who were to man the landing craft blacked their faces with burnt cork and paraded the wardroom in sheer high spirits, giving imitations of well-known black-faced comedians.

We were well within "enemy waters" when the light landing craft left the mother ship and went on with the escort. Just before leaving, echoing through the ships, came the stirring melody "Land of My Fathers," sung by the Welshmen who formed a large part of the soldiers' protection crews. Small, undefenceless though the landing craft seemed, yet stowed away within them were guns and ammunition sufficient to deal hardly with either air or E-boat attack.

With all guns shelling, the craft could bristle arms like a porcupine quill. Also on board were duffle coats for the parachute troops on the way back, bully-beef, biscuits, and condensed milk, large reserves of petrol and a jar of jam.

I stood in the bow of the ship and watched the craft slowly merging into the silver greyness of the far distance. Beside me stood a member of the gun crew whom I recognized as one of the wardroom stewards—an unfailingly cheery man who had a slang description for nearly every dish. Up to then I had only seen him as a dexterous waiting steward. Yet there he stood, looking with envious eye at the departing flotilla. His attitude was typical of those who had to stay behind. "I'd give a quid to be going with you," said one lad, while persuasive attempts to stowaway were also made. For us, it was anti-climax. We had to wait now till it was all over. But at that very moment all was activity on the aerodromes, where the parachute troops were climbing into the Whitley bombers which were to drop them.

The R.A.F. timing was excellent. They found their spot at exactly the right moment, and from only a few hundred feet the parties of paratroops were landed in a few minutes. The Air Force was also in at the end of the operation. As dawn took away the protective cover of darkness from the returning craft, the R.A.F. threw over them a powerful "umbrella" of fighters. " It was lovely to see half the British Air Force swooping round us," said one parachutist officer when we got back.

All the crews of the aircraft which dropped the parachutists came to the ship to await the return of the parachute troops. The commander of the squadron was pointed out to me. He stood in the wardroom in a manner known to millions, with his fair hair smoothly brushed, with his head held slightly back and rather to one side—the pilot of "F" for Freddie in "Target for Tonight." The Air Force men had a strong Empire flavour. There were seven Canadians, some New Zealanders and one Australian in the dark blue of the R.A.F.

Later, Reuter's Special Correspondent received first-hand reports of the operation itself. This is what he wrote :

A charge led by a Seaforth Highlander sergeant proved the turning-point in the raid by British paratroops on the French coast at Bruneval, 12 miles north of Havre, in the early hours of the morning of Feb. 28. The purpose of the raid—the destruction of a valuable German radio location post—had been achieved, the Navy waited off shore, yet still the Germans held the approach to the beach. The party attacking the beach had been pinned down for some time by accurate machine-gun fire from the beach fort, the minimum time expected for the raid had already expired, danger to the paratroops themselves grew as each minute passed, danger equally increased for the light Naval craft.

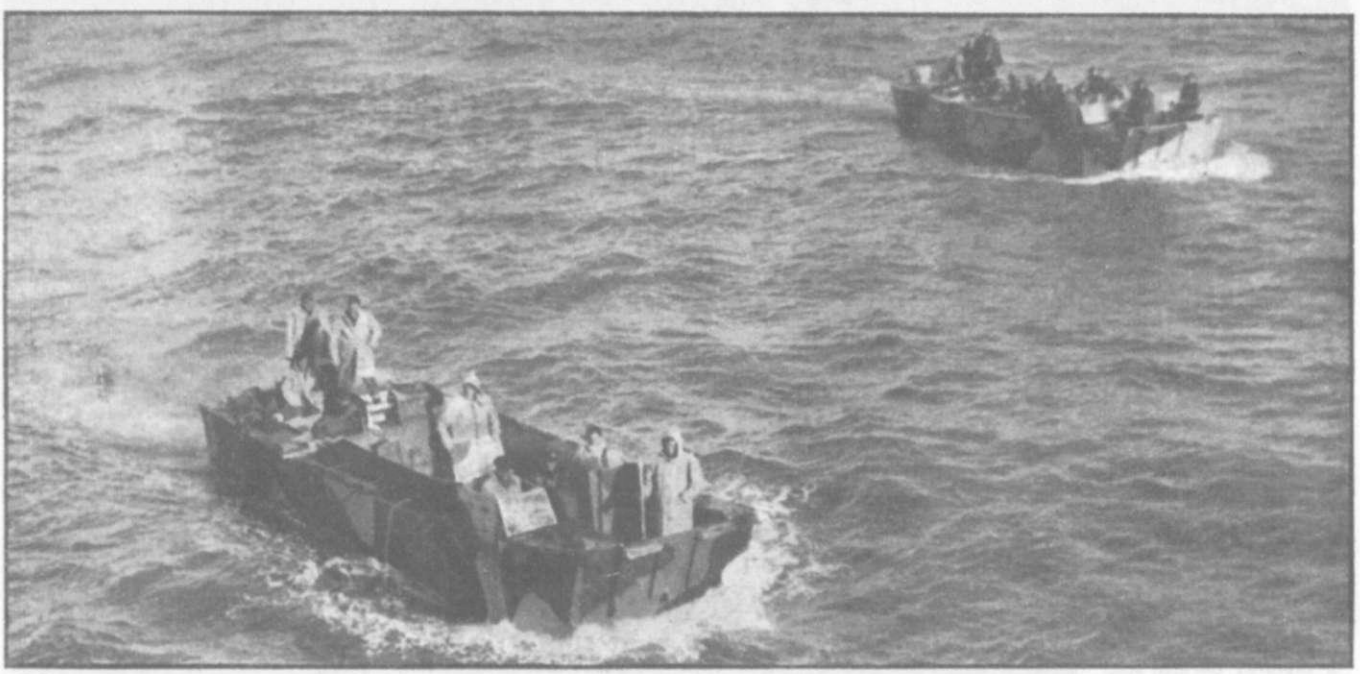
Then above the noise of firing could be heard the shouts of the Seaforths, "Cabar Feidh," indicating that one party of paratroops, which had been dropped a little off the mark, had joined up with the main force and was now coming into action. ("Cabar Feidh" is one of the Seaforth Highlanders' mottoes and is Gaelic for "Antlers of the Deer.")

"Inside ten minutes," said Captain John Ross, the second in command, "the beach was in our hands." The Germans holding the fort had all either been killed or captured, or had fled to a near-by wood.

Captain Ross, who emphasized what a complete surprise the raid was to the Germans, said he was sure that right up to the end they did not really know what was happening. At no time did they hold the least initiative, and though they fought well so long as they held the attackers off, "when it came to fighting at close quarters they gave in."

This remark was echoed by most of the paratroop officers. The Germans were stubborn when behind cover and in a good position, but if suddenly confronted at a distance of only a few yards—and much of the fighting was done at no greater range—they generally turned and ran.

The commanding officer, Major J. D. Frost, told me that his men "did excellently." He went on : "On the way across in the planes, you would never have thought



THE BRUNEVAL RAID, an account of which is given in this page, was a highly successful essay in Services cooperation. Seen here returning after the attack, these landing craft held a military escort which covered the operations of the parachutists from seaward. **More photos are in page 573.**

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Major J. D. FROST, who commanded the parachute descent force in the Bruneval raid described below. *Photo, British Official*

it was an operational flight. It was more like a joy ride. Every machine, I think, had its own concert party. It was by no means so frightening as everybody had expected. You sat at the hole, looked down and saw a few tracer bullets go past below—and jumped."

The Germans, while still holding the beach fort, called out in excellent English "The boats are here," in the hope of misleading the paratroops into believing a Naval officer had shouted and getting them to chance a run for the beach under machine-gun fire.

Both Major Frost and Captain Ross had nothing but praise for the R.A.F. "They put us down ten yards from where we wanted to be," said Ross, " and within two minutes of leaving the plane the troops were armed, organized and ready to fight."

"The real hero," said the Major, " was the officer commanding the section which was dropped away from the bulk of the troops." Only 20, the youngest officer of the party, and therefore known as "Junior," he had to find his way, frequently under fire, in an area quite unknown to him. When "Junior" took his first look round and failed to recognize any familiar landmark he knew he was lost.

"I don't think there's any feeling quite so unpleasant as suddenly finding yourself in enemy territory and not knowing where you are," he said. "Then I saw another plane going along low down and I knew in which direction to go, and after a while I saw the lighthouse. Then everything was all right.

"For the whole two hours or more of the operation there was never a moment when some firing was not going on. Yet nowhere did I see any sign of life in the houses. Two of my men went through a village, but there were no lights, no furtive peering by the edges of curtains."

It was a former Fleet Street man, 22-year-old Lieutenant Peter Young, who was assigned the task of dealing with the radio-location post, and so complete was the surprise of the attack that he had almost reached his objective before encountering any opposition. The German sentry challenged the approaching troops twice and then fired. The paratroops, who had held their fire as long as possible, "rubbed him out," said Lieutenant Young. "After that we hunted them out of cellars, trenches and rooms with hand grenades, automatic weapons, revolvers and knives.

"Most were killed, but some ran away, and one tried to hide over the edge of the cliff. Having got there, he wanted to surrender, and I looked over to see him with his hands up. At the time I thought I had seen nothing funnier than a German trying to scramble up the lip of a cliff with his hands up."

The post being captured, it was the turn of the sappers. Their task was to destroy the apparatus; and destruction could scarcely have been more complete. To the sappers also fell the duty of searching the beach for mines and laying anti-tank mines.

One of the parachutists told me they got away just in time. "The Germans had an armoured division about 50 miles away, and as we left the beach I saw a column of headlights coming towards us, though still some distance off," he said.

When the Verey signal flashed, the Naval craft came in "like a swarm," took the men on board and were steaming back to England in a surprisingly short time.

In Spite of All I Got Safe From Singapore

The Associated Press correspondent, C. Yates McDaniel, one of the last to leave Singapore (see page 550), arrived in Batavia on Feb. 20 after the adventurous seven-and-a-half-day journey which he describes below.

THE ship in which we got away from Singapore was passing a group of peaceful little islands when two Japanese light bombers circled and glided over us. The old ship shuddered when bombs exploded just astern. A few minutes later two more planes were over, not more than 500 feet up. This time they did not miss. The decks seemed to bounce up to meet us as we flopped on our faces. We found a gaping hole through the forward hold. Ten minutes later there was another ear-splitting crash, followed by the hiss of escaping steam. The ship listed and began settling.

After surveying the damage the captain ordered the remaining two lifeboats over the side. After an hour of baling, rowing, and sailing we grounded on a coral reef and waded ashore on the little island of Banku. A hundred men and a girl settled down for a miserable night on the narrow beach. Japanese planes knew exactly where we were, and we knew there was little hope of rescue by our own people.

On the early morning of Feb. 14 we were breakfasting on a cigarette tin of muddy water, which neither tasted nor smelled like tea, and one small biscuit, when the look-out reported that small launches were approaching our ship, which was still barely afloat.

An hour later our lifeboat returned, reporting that the launches belonged to a rubber planter on a neighbouring island who would try to take us off at nightfall.

Our hopes were dimmed soon after by the drone of the Japanese planes. Up and down they flew, and then we heard bombs exploding. They circled over us again and there were more bombs. Towards noon a formation of seven bombers circled over our stricken ship. I saw two bursts forward. The ship reared up by the stern. Our captain turned away and took off his cap.

The first and only muster of the ship's company and passengers showed 131 men and one woman unharmed, one Australian soldier and one Chinese stoker killed by bombs, and one sailor badly burned and three slightly injured.

After sunset the first officer, who had been out in a launch, reported that he had taken off six badly wounded women from other ships in which casualties were heavy. All hands were ordered to muster on the beach. We waited an hour in the darkness, knee-deep in water, while the officers decided how to get us out to the launches. Even our lifeboats could only approach within half a mile. We were finally ordered to make our way the best we could.

The next 45 minutes were the worst I have ever experienced as I clambered over coral rocks and slipped into holes. I kept my cameras and my films of burning Singapore and the bombing of our ship high over my head until within twenty yards of the nearest boat, when I plunged off a rock into a ten-foot hole. I could have cried, but had to carry on swimming until I was hoisted into the lifeboat. Somehow, with one workable oar and everybody shouting different orders, we managed to push against the wind and the tide to the launch.

Fifty-one men and one girl, exhausted and soaked, with their legs bleeding, piled into a launch licensed to carry fifteen. Waves rolled over the deck where we sprawled, wet and shivering, but still hoping we would make Sumatra before dawn brought Japanese bombers.

Daybreak found us approaching the mouth of a river, up which we worked our way until late afternoon. Then we rounded a bend and saw the White Ensign over warships anchored by a wharf. Ashore we found members of the Malayan Command staff from Singapore.

Early the next morning, Feb. 16, we resumed the slow journey up-river. At noon we reached a motor roadhead, hungry and cramped, but were soon cheered by the warm hospitality of the Dutch military and civilians, who fed us sumptuously and provided a lorry for the 400-mile drive across Sumatra. On the next afternoon we reached north-west Sumatra. Hotels were full of refugees from Malaya and Southern Sumatra, but a good Dutch lady took us in and fed us. The next morning we were told there was a chance of getting away by warship if we pushed on.

We hired pony carts and drove to the railway station during the beating of tom-toms which gave an air-raid alarm. Half an hour later we left the train at a port. The effects of earlier bombing were everywhere. Twice during the day the Alert sounded, but no planes appeared. Late in the afternoon I saw a British destroyer on the horizon steaming at full speed towards harbour. Half an hour later the destroyer was alongside.

The officers quickly and efficiently shepherded us aboard and allotted places for 176 men, women, and children—British soldiers and sailors, Americans and Dutchmen from the Sumatra oilfields and rubber estates, and six weary members of the last party from Singapore.

Lt. EVAN CHARTERIS led the parachutists which dropped away from the main body. He is referred to as "Junior" in the story. *Photo, Lafayette*

Editor's Postscript

ADAPTABILITY is the main factor in survival. The weird and futile prehistoric monsters on which Nature tried her 'prentice hand so unsuccessfully for a few million years in the Primary and Secondary periods, disappeared because they were unable to adapt themselves to the changing conditions of the Earth's temperature and the altered areas of land and water in their feeding grounds. The few species that survived and still hold their own in the struggle for existence are only pocket editions of their progenitors of the Cretaceous period. Adaptability is possibly the most vital quality in all forms of material success. In the politician it becomes opportunism; but in the explorer, the inventor, the man of action, it is essentially what it is termed. It has no place, however, in the poet or the inspired artist. Mr. Epstein (quite rightly) resolutely refuses to adapt himself to popular taste, and as resolutely refuses to become extinct, even though many of his later works of art might look better against a background of the Late Pliocene Age, when Java man was raising his ape-like howls in the very jungles where our Dutch allies are now at death grapple with a modern ape-like creature who has become formidable just because, unlike prehistoric Java man, he has proved highly adaptable.

Well, dear readers, this is a little excursus before I have to tell you about our own need for adaptability. This paper problem! Once again the blow has fallen upon us, but this time, I am told, more hopefully than before, that it may be the last. Our quota of printing paper is again reduced: not so drastically as in the earlier and more cruel cuts, but heavily enough to cause some heart-burning.

I NEED not recapitulate the long story of how the Fury with the abhorred shears has been hovering over the printing presses of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED for a year or more, longing to snip short the reels of paper that are fed into them. She has got away with many a cut; one actually approximate to 100,000 copies weekly, in itself an enviable circulation. Since the last very big cut was forced upon us, however, it was determined that not again would we disappoint a large section of our loyal subscribers by reducing our printing order to the point at which the amount of paper to be saved had been obtained—at the loss of another 40,000 subscribers or so. Never again, it was resolved, would we just cut off a large percentage of our readers by limiting our printing order to the amount dictated by our paper quota.

YOU will remember that we made various alterations to the number of pages in each issue, and to the published price, and finally (as it was hoped) to the incidence of publishing. Instead of appearing weekly we have been issuing every ten days since No. 104, and in this way supplying every one of our subscribers instead of regretfully sending many more thousands of them away empty-handed, week after week, by direct cuts in circulation equivalent to the reduction in our own paper supply.

ALTHOUGH this once-every-ten-days publishing has proved successful and has prevented widespread disappointment to readers (for remember THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is the *only* popular picture-record of the War whose circulation is still calculated in hundreds of thousands), I have never liked it, and if there are readers who have found it as irritating at times as the editorial staff have found it, I fancy they would be equally glad to hear of a simpler alternative which will meet every objection.

A FORTNIGHTLY publishing date solves all our difficulties and will enable me to carry out some noteworthy improvements in the presentation of the publication. A fortnightly of the exact size of the present issue would be inadequate as an up-to-date current War record. So, starting with No. 125 each issue will be *increased in size* by eight pages. Four of these will carry beautiful *gravure printing* in different colours on tinted paper. The slower printing possible with a fortnightly issue will improve all our pages, quite apart from this gravure supplement, and it will also be possible to trim the edges of the pages, which up till now has not been practicable. Each of our fortnightly issues, I feel sure, most of my readers will think worth any two of the weekly or tenth-day issues. But the increase of price will be no more than twopence, so that the two fortnightly numbers at sixpence a copy will involve no extra expenditure per month compared with the present three fourpennies. Following the present issue, the first of the new series, No. 125, will appear on Thursday, April 2 (the day before Good Friday). Thereafter we shall publish every alternate Friday.

SIR JAMES GRIGG, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., Britain's new War Minister, was for several years Finance Member of the Viceroy's Council in India. He is 51. *Photo, Associated Press*

THE only way to meet the distressing paucity of paper is to put the paper available to better use, and that's what my scheme for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED succeeds in doing. I know each number will be so great an improvement on any previously published that I am looking forward quite excitedly to seeing the first copy!

And here are all the things attained by the fortnightly publication of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED at sixpence:

(1) A greatly improved, enlarged, and pictorially enriched current record of the War.
(2) Every existing subscriber able to secure a copy.
(3) No confusion about publishing dates, as it will be on sale each alternate Friday (some places on the Thursday).
(4) More than ever worth binding in volume form, by reason of the lovely coloured gravure supplements in every fortnightly number.
(5) The difficulty of the paper quota overcome.
(6) No increased expenditure on the part of subscribers.

WELL, if we of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED had not been more adaptable to the conditions in which we are living (Spencer's theory of "life," by the way) than those prehistoric monsters (or Mr. Epstein) I can't guess what would have become of this unique and continuous current picture-record of the War. And, actually, instead of being defeated by the horrid (but essential) restrictions of the Paper Controller (publishers' wives personify him in their lullabies as the ogre from which their mother love protects their little ones) we are about to blossom out into a new and fuller life!

FOR the benefit of the many thousands who bind their serial numbers into volume form, let me add that Volume 5 of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED will be complete with No. 130 appearing on June 12. This is also by way of a warning, for I urge all who have bound the first four volumes to note the date at which Volume 5 concludes and lose not a moment then in getting the loose numbers to the binders. For a day may come—alas, almost certainly will come—when no more binding cases can be manufactured and the remaining loose numbers thereafter may have to be kept until the end of the War before facilities for binding them can be available.

BY way of P.P.S., this will interest my readers. In 1934 I issued one of my most successful serials, WORLD WAR: 1914-18, which consisted of twenty-four pages of black and white, four pages of gravure printing and four pages of wrapper, price sevenpence. Although the printing and paper we were then able to provide were greatly superior in WORLD WAR, compared with the cheaper rotary printing of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, the comparison of material value, considering present difficulties, justifies my claiming that our new fortnightly will be a triumph in economic production. The new fortnightly issue of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED will consist of twenty-eight pages in black and white, plus four pages of the finest gravure printing, price sixpence! If any reader were to complain of this as value for money I should not like to have him as a friend.

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